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JOHN BULL

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DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

Edited by W. CHARLES PILLEY

THE EMPTY CRADLE

BY FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN

THE BABY'S COUÉ

EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY
GET BETTER AND BETTER ON

NESTLE'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Reduced to 11½d. and 6d. per tin.

If unsweetened milk is preferred, demand "IDEAL" (THE EVERYDAY MILK) Packed by Nestlé's 9d. and 5d.

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Imitations never satisfy; demand Nestlé's—always.

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Mrs. Lloyd, 3, Copleston Road, Llandaff, near Cardiff, says:—"From a bruise on my leg, which I suppose got poisoned, an ulcer formed, which deepened and spread, causing great pain. Soon I could do nothing but sit and nurse the leg while housework went undone. At night I couldn't sleep for pain, and often came down at four in the morning to dress the ulcer in hope of relief. I had been trying all sorts of things but there was no improvement. But in the end I got Germolene, and can say it worked wonders. The pain all went out of my leg, and I could see the wound closing up daily. I took Germolets, too, for my blood, and they hastened the cure greatly. I had suffered for six months altogether, but Germolene soon cured completely, though everything else had failed."

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Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

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CARRIAGE PAID DIRECT TO YOUR OWN DOOR.

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GENUINE SILVER KEYLESS LEVER

A true timekeeper under all conditions. Perfectly adjusted, fully jewelled, & fitted in strong, handsome English Hall Marked Sterling Silver Cases. Price 50/-

DELIVERED to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 5/- If quite satisfied. Money back if at all disappointed.

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CATALOGUE FREE Write for Catalogue of Delicious Watches and lovely Jewellery. Engagement Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Necklets, etc. all the keenest prices and on the Easiest Terms.

J. E. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Forged Wire Scratches "City and Suburban" Favourite!

THE year that Archer won the race on "Julius Cæsar" Messrs. Weatherby announced that the horse had been scratched the day before the race. Weatherby's had received a telegram to strike him out. The wire was an impudent forgery.

This is one of many reminiscences of past "City and Surburban" Races reviewed in the "SPORTS PICTORIAL," dated April 15th, a number devoted to this great Turf event. Exclusive photographs of the jockeys and runners will be shown in a fine double page spread. "CAN'T YOU LOSE JIM" is a thrilling yarn of the most exciting "City and Surburban" ever run. Don't miss this grand Racing Number!

CUP FINAL £1,000 MUST BE WON

SPORTS Pictorial

SPECIAL "CITY & SUBURBAN" NUMBER
16 BIG PAGES—EVERY FRIDAY, 2d
"Look for the Red Title."

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Tasty, crisp and perfectly baked, Spratt's Dog Cakes satisfy the dog's appetite, whiten his teeth, improve his health and general well-being. They are the daily diet of millions of the world's healthiest dogs

OBTAINABLE AT 20,000 DEALERS AT

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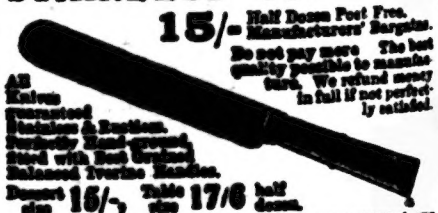
15/- Half Dozen Post Free. Manufacturers' Bargains.

Do not pay more. The best quality possible to manufacture. We refund money in full if not perfectly satisfied.



All Knives guaranteed Stainless & Rustless. Perfectly Hand-ground, fitted with Best Vanadium Balanced Ivorine Handles. Dessert size **15/-**, Table size **17/6** half dozen.

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier

Vol. XXXI. No. 828. Week ending Saturday, April 15th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day]

Watch!

Look out for a big surprise in JOHN BULL very shortly. Further particulars next week.

The Unionist Leader.

Seemingly it needs a bad case to bring out Mr. Austen Chamberlain's best debating quality. The right honourable gentleman's speech on the Genoa Conference was the cleverest he has made since he had to defend the Excess Profits Duty against a House full of angry critics. If Austen's stock continues to rise "F. E." will have to hurry home.

The Conference Mania.

When the Prime Minister returns from Genoa we may expect the Government Press to assure us yet once again that "complete unanimity has been reached on all subjects," after which the date and place of the *next* Conference will be duly announced.

A Journalist's Ordeal.

We were the first to bring the case of Mrs. Stan Harding to the notice of the Institute of Journalists, who have since actively taken up the cudgels on her behalf. Better late than never.

"The Empty Cradle."

All who remember the famous diatribes of Father Bernard Vaughan on the "Sins of Society" will be eager to read his remarkable article on the vexed question of Birth Control which we publish elsewhere in this issue. If we may apply the phrase to so august a pronouncement, there's a "punch" in every line.

Hubby Will Pay.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Justice McCardie's decision in the Cathcart dress case will be sustained in the Court of Appeal. But if it was true, as the learned Judge thought, that the Countess "really desired these gowns with a view to her elopement to Deauville with the Earl of Craven," it was certainly a bit thick, while the defence of "agency" was correspondingly thin.

Fair Fibbers.

Following the stinging observations of Mr. Justice McCardie, we have Mr. Justice Roche at the Old Bailey telling us that he has found the evidence of women generally more unreliable than that of men. Not that the dear things tell untruths—perish the thought!—but that they are liable to "freaks of imagination." Really, our Judges are a most ungallant lot.

India.

"A ruling minority has always ruled with the sword, not with the tongue." We cull this sentence from a review of a recent book by Lord George Hamilton, who at one time was Secretary of State for India. Think it over!

Abait Omen!

Our condolences to Sir George Younger on the nasty accident which befell him at the House of Commons last week. Some of our public men, like the sinners of the Scriptures, seem to "stand in slippery places."

£1,000
CUP FINAL
MUST BE WON.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Rasher and Rasher.

Ours is a nice land, ours is! At the Board of Trade a special staff of sixty persons, costing £1,303 a month, are engaged in—what do you think?—clearing up the mess and muddle of the Government's dealings in bacon during the war. We should have thought that by this time only the smell remained.

Not a Cut-throat Clinic.

The treatment of adenoids and enlarged tonsils without operation at the Battersea General Hospital has been so successful that for the future a clinic is to be opened every Friday for those who can afford to pay a trifle towards the hospital funds. So evidently the knife is not the only remedy. What did we tell you?

Ministerial Changes.

The appointment of Sir William Sutherland as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster disposes of the silly rumour that Sir Hamar Greenwood was destined to become maid-of-all-work to the Government in this despised office. We can state with confidence that the future Home Secretary was never insulted by the offer of such a minor post.

Well Done, Uncle Arthur!

Hearty congratulations to Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose Child Murder Trial Bill has passed the House of Commons. This humane little measure seeks to relieve Judges from the odious necessity of passing the death sentence upon mothers who, in the distraction following child-birth, amounting in some cases to madness, have taken the lives of their babies. It is now for the Lords to do the decent thing.

Tit for Tat.

The United States made a big pile as a result of our disastrous coal strikes and stoppages. Now that their own miners are out on strike, we might try to return the compliment.

Who Were They?

So the hateful Field Punishment No. 1—known during the war as "crucifixion"—is to remain an integral part of the discipline of the Army. This decision has been reached, the Under-Secretary for War tells us, on the advice of "a Committee." Can't we have their names?

A Child Wife.

The death of the fourteen-year-old wife of a schoolmaster at Swansea recalls the fact that, by the Law of England in this twentieth century, a "man" may be married at fourteen and a "woman" at twelve. Surely it is time this disgusting anomaly were swept from the Statute Book.

Dressy!

According to Sir William Davison, M.P., "a red waistcoat is the recognised covering for a warm heart, while a red tie is the badge for a hot head." If these sartorial distinctions are to be generally adopted, the Prime Minister will no doubt sport a vest comprising all the colours of the rainbow.

Mitchell's Method.

It is understood that Sir James Mitchell, the Prime Minister of Western Australia, who is on a visit to this country, has a wonderful new emigration scheme which he thinks will solve most of the difficulties that have worried us in the past. We must try to persuade him to unfold his plan in our columns.

A Promising Infant.

The brightest thing in provincial journalism we have seen for many a long day is the new *Southend Times*, under the editorship of our friend, Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, whom we warmly congratulate on the success of his first number. We never could see why newspapers published outside London should necessarily be dull.

Not So Rosy.

The Prime Minister's optimistic forecasts of the beneficial results likely to follow from the resumption of trade with Russia are sadly discounted by cold statistics. The average value of British manufactures exported to a prosperous Russia in the boom years before the war was only £8,990,000, or 2.3 per cent. of our total foreign exports. And Soviet Russia is bankrupt!

A Big Surprise for JOHN BULL Readers. Coming shortly.

Asylum Inquiry Secrecy.

When sensational evidence was given at the Mental Hospital Inquiry, convened by the Ministry of Health, by an ex-patient who alleged that he had been "kidnapped" to an asylum from an infirmary, and who brought grave charges against some of the attendants, the names of both the witness and the institution were suppressed. Such secrecy is most reprehensible, and rouses suspicions.

Francis on Farces.

We do not agree with Mr. C. K. Francis, Magistrate at Westminster, that Children's Courts are farces. His own is not, and nobody else's has a right to be. They may be inconvenient to some officials, and they may not be always fortunate in the class of Magistrate who presides over their proceedings; but to go back to the days when little kiddies were dragged into the affrighting atmosphere of ordinary Police Courts for throwing stones, or purloining a mangel-wurzel, or assembling to annoy a policeman, would not; in our opinion, be right.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Checking the Chequers.

As a result of the state of the law permitting a person who pays a betting loss by cheque to recover it in the Courts if he is mean and unscrupulous enough to bring an action to do so, bookmakers have already had claims of over £250,000 preferred against them. Evidently there are more people in this land of hope and glory whom it is nice not to know than we have previously counted.

Rich on Doles.

A glaring instance of the abuse of the persistent generosity of the Poplar Guardians—at the expense of the luckless ratepayers—was recently cited by the London Mendicity Society, in the case of a man who, having thrown up one job at £4 10s. a week and refused another at £3 15s., was discovered to be drawing the handsome amount of £7 2s. a week in "dole," food and money. Comment is superfluous.

Rural Rule.

We can't all live at Haynes, in Bedfordshire—and perhaps it is as well. An election of Rural District Councillors was held there the other day, but only 14 of the 300 electors on the roll troubled to go to the poll. And they all voted for the same candidate! The rather large fly in the ointment is the fact that it costs practically the same for a small poll as for a big one. In this instance, those fourteen votes will cost the ratepayers about 10s. per vote recorded!

Another Case.

But Haynes is a populous district compared with Bowthorpe, near Norwich, where the excitement of a Rural District Council election has only just died down. This pocket-parish contains twelve houses only, the ruins of a church, and—hard as it is to believe—no inn or other licensed premises. Two candidates competed for the honour of representing this Lilliputian unit, which is entirely owned by one person—an absentee landlord, who enjoys the privilege of paying the whole of the rates. What rather intrigues us is the fact that both candidates live nine miles away, one being a railway porter. We are not sure that we would not rather live at Bowthorpe than Haynes.

Rent and Rates.

As many householders and lodgers who rent houses or rooms for which rates are included in rent are unaware that under the Rent Restrictions Act they are entitled to take the benefit of any lowering of the rates, the Mayor of Bermondsey does good public service in calling attention to the fact. In Bermondsey, for instance, the rates have been reduced from 11s. 1d. to 9s. 6d. in the £, so that householders and lodgers aforesaid can claim a proportionate reduction of rent.

Goodness Gracious!

Not that we quite know what it means, but that's what a great many people would probably exclaim to save themselves from worse language when they heard from Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, M.P., that there are over 70,000 more British Government officials now than in 1914; that in the last six months the number has been reduced by only 4 per cent.; and that in the War Office alone bonus is within a few hundred pounds equal to the whole of the War Office salaries in 1914. "But there is a larger staff," butted in an incautious M.P. "Yes," was the caustic retort, "and there are 20,000 fewer fighting men"!

Snow for Easter?

—perhaps, but come what may there are plenty of sunny smiles in the Easter Number of the

PASSING SHOW

"Makes Smiles Grow"

Easter Number just out . 2d.

Folkestone Famous.

Folkestone Town Council has suddenly made a name for itself by rejecting the motion of Alderman Pepper allowing Sunday games in the parks. "Scandalous," was the epithet that palpitating puritan, Mr. King Turner, applied to the proposal; "it would drag the fair name of Folkestone to the ground," he declared, with surfeiting silliness. A pietist should not tell such awful whoppers.

"Lead us not——"

"Free-Will Offerings" nowadays at churches are small enough, whether through lack of appreciation of the parson or general shortness of cash. In any case, we have no sympathy with William Henry Chaplerlin, of Bristol, who was awarded six weeks' imprisonment for attempting to steal from an offertory box. But we cannot support the church officials who "set a trap" either for the unchristian act or their invitation to thieves by using a box so fragile as to yield to burglarious treatment with a pair of scissors!

Monkeys Many.

Apropos of our recent article on unnecessary operations upon children, a reader tells us that monkeys are being imported into this country with as much regularity as bananas. Recently 500 arrived in one ship, and 150 of them were at once claimed for Glasgow. Our correspondent suggests that they are being bred to supply the home demands of vivisectionist torturers. Perhaps somebody in the monkey line will elucidate the facts? Frogs reach Britain from France, while China sends table delicacies, but we know of no restaurant in the Kingdom with monkey on the *menu*.

Baby on the Bounce.

Probably there will be no appeal against the refusal of the Presiding Officer in the Sithney (Cornwall) District Council election to issue a ballot paper to an eighteen-months-old infant, who, being on the register, "claimed" the right to vote. If the baby had been handed a paper he would only have made a scream about it.

A Callous Church Society.

In view of his work as a Police Court Missionary for nearly thirty years, the C.E.T.S. appear to have treated Mr. W. J. Brookes, of Halesowen, very shabbily, in dispensing with his services without the formality of giving him notice. Had this Church Society been a little more courteous, Mr. Brookes might have avoided the unpleasant experience of being summoned for non-payment of water rate.

"Feathering His Nest"?

In these hard times, an advertisement issued by Albert Feather, White Abbey Road, Bradford, offering "permanent employment suitable for all" and an income of several pounds weekly for two hours daily work at home, sounds, and is, too good to be true. Those who reply, enclosing as stipulated an envelope with a penny stamp, get the envelope returned, with a halfpenny stamp substituted, and a printed circular enclosed, lauding a handbook entitled "How to Make Money at Home," for which a shilling has to be sent!

Fits and Unfits.

The Nottingham Guardians might either be indicted for flagrant cruelty or certified as fit inmates for their own institution. It appears that epileptics and chronic imbeciles are "cared for" in the same wards, and several of the Guardians went so far at a recent meeting as to accuse their fellow-officials of manufacturing insane cases by this criminally foolish practice. As there is ample room for special separate treatment, there is no excuse for epileptics mixing with imbeciles—nor for certain Nottingham officials mingling with ordinary sane persons.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

The Dance of Extravagance.

At a recent Parish Council meeting the startling fact was disclosed that two dancing mistresses are employed by the Education Committee of the Cornish County Council at salaries of between £600 and £700 a year each, in addition to travelling expenses. Why the sufficiently burdened ratepayers should be called upon to pay the cost of teaching other people's children to dance passes our comprehension.

Fish from Foreigners.

What we have said about the benevolent attitude of the British Government towards Hun trawlers landing fish in British ports is confirmed by a trawler owner in Grimsby, where 40 trawlers have been laid up while Danish-caught fish is being landed at Billingsgate. The bellies of our own fisherfolk—men, women, and children—are being starved to butter the bread of foreign fisherfolk. "Unless something is done to check the importation of foreign fish, the British trawler industry will be ruined," says the Grimsby trawler owner. For once in a way we trust the prophet will not be without honour in his own country.

Watch JOHN BULL each week for a remarkable announcement soon.

Still Only Threats.

Perhaps the last—perhaps not—to be fined for cruelty at Carmarthen, Reginald Dyke, a fiendish young ruffian of 16, evinced his detestable nature by attempting to throw a cat into a tank of water. The poor animal went through a window, suffering such terrible injuries that it had to be killed to end its misery. In fining him £3, the Bench threatened future "serious" cases with prison. They might have signalised this intention by a start with Dyke.

Telephone Trials.

A Glasgow telephone subscriber early this year found himself cut-off, and on inquiry was informed that a fault had developed in the underground cable. His repeated requests, extending over several weeks, for a restoration of the service seem at last to have irritated the manager of the Glasgow Telephones, who, forgetting the original excuse, wrote stating that the subscriber had been cut off because he had not paid his account for the quarter ending 31st March! It is difficult to reconcile the two explanations.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

A Job for a Giant.

The Croydon Guardians evidently expect William Stewart, of Grange Road, Thornton Heath, to work miracles. He has struggled to rear twelve children; one of them, a daughter of 30, is a permanent invalid at home. A son was recently removed to a mental hospital, and the Guardians sued for over 30s. a week for the boy's maintenance—out of Stewart's wages as a hall porter for the L.C.C.! The Bench was rightly sympathetic and accepted the man's offer of 12s. 6d. In the circumstances the Guardians might surely have stayed their hands.

"A Friend at Court."

Mr. Rice, the Wood Green Magistrate, seems to realise that friendship has its limitations. One who claimed to be his friend was lately summoned for cycling without a light. To the constable who checked him in his dark career, the delinquent said: "Oh, get on with it. It will be all right. . . . I am a friend of the Magistrate." When this was reported to Mr. Rice at the hearing, that sapient Cadi said: "We usually fine them 5s. for this offence; but I must take into consideration that he is a friend of mine. He must pay 10s." That is the way to treat such impudent pretensions, and we congratulate Mr. Rice on this little study in light and shade.

Suicide After the Sack.

Summarily sacked by Messrs. M. B. Stockings and Sons, grocers, of Norwich, after forty years in their service, and on what certainly seems to have been a vague as well as petty charge of the theft of a tin of sardines, William George Steward went home and hanged himself. The poor chap's wages had never been more than £2 6s. a week, though many thousands of pounds had passed through his hands, and this trivial charge was the first ever brought against him. The firm are presumably a limited company, "with no body to be kicked and no soul to be saved"—but whoever they may be, we shouldn't like to be in their shoes or own their consciences—if, indeed, they possess any!

What's in a Name?

Not long ago the civic fathers of Ealing decided to alter the name of The Broadway to Uxbridge Road, necessitating the re-numbering of the premises. The leading tradesmen successfully petitioned for the restoration of the original name—so some of the tenants are now being threatened with a fine of 40s. and sundry costs if they do not forthwith restore their original numbers. The confusion occasioned by this capriciousness is great and expensive.

Storm Over a Tea-cup.

A boy named Thomas Morton, of Leicester, bought a cup of tea at a football match. It was an exciting game, and the lad did not wish to lose his place. Instead of returning the cup to the stall, or dropping it on the ground as is usually done, he put it in his pocket till the finish. While the game was in progress, a constable arrested him for stealing it. In face of the boy's straightforward story, it seems a harsh proceeding, and we congratulate the Bench on their common sense in merely binding him over.

A Tribute to the "John Bull" Guarantee.

BOLSOM BROTHERS, of 109 & 157, Strand, London, W.C.1, write:—

"I have pleasure in herewith sending you copy for our third page, within the short space of one month, for insertion in JOHN BULL, as the results of the last two pages fully justified our opinion that the readers of JOHN BULL are quick to appreciate and grasp the opportunity of seeming reliable and guaranteed goods at bargain prices.

"Not only has your journal enabled us to add many thousands of names to our huge Mail Order list of over one million customers, but the large number of testimonials received from them has been very gratifying."

Bunkum about Booze.

In a recent issue we commented on the fatuous statement made by women "temperance" advocates that factory girls club their money and indulge in "dreadful drinking orgies, even costly brands of champagne being drunk." But Miss Gee, a Lady Superintendent of Manchester girls' clubs, says she frequently finds "four or five sharing one cup of tea—not being able to afford a cup each"! Yet Teetotalism and Truth begin with the same letter.

"Happiness Chain" Now.

The latest variant of that absurd "prayer chain" with which so many people were pestered a few months ago, is an anonymous "I wish you happiness" postcard, now being sent broadcast, and conveying the same threat of mysterious misfortune if the missive is ignored. Truly there are many fools with more money than sense! Or does the device emanate from the P.M.G., in the hope of getting rid of some of those unpopular three-halfpenny postcards which soon, we trust, will be obsolete?

Hungry "Hundreds."

Such is the manner of the administration of the Poor Law in that district of Essex known as the Rochford Hundreds that a family may starve while the Guardians are deciding the exact amount of relief to be granted. Recently an unemployed professional man was compelled to apply for parish relief for his wife and four children, and was curtly told by the Relieving Officer that the matter must stand over until the Committee met five days later. Further, this benign official absolutely refused a food ticket, although the family were in such a state of want that the mother was fain to beg scraps of bread which were being thrown to chickens in order to feed her starving children.

Sweating in Somerset.

In the countless Sweet Auburns which beautify the countryside, bitter social and economic grievances and injustices often lurk. Let us instance the case of that village in Somerset where the school is swept and dusted daily and scrubbed out every Saturday by a widow who receives the absurd sum of one shilling and sixpence per week for her labour. When asking for an increase the other day she was crushed by the question: "What! When wages are coming down?"

Penalised for Pluck.

We detest the dole system, but that is no reason why, so long as it is necessary, it should not be worked fairly. Thomas Jackson, of Edmonton, had his right hand burned badly when trying to save the life of a girl whose clothing had caught fire. One of the unemployed, he had been drawing the dole for several weeks, but as soon as the injury to his hand was noticed he was deprived of the benefit. The Coroner who held the inquest on the girl complimented Jackson on his bravery, and we are glad that second thoughts have prevailed, so that Jackson will not, by his heroism be forced to starve.

Callous Railway Company.

For fifty-three years old William Copping, of Dereham, Norfolk, faithfully served the G.E.R. till he retired last December on the tiny pension of 9s. 7d. a week. For many years he has occupied a cottage owned by the Company, who now seek to evict him, on the excuse that they want it for one of their employees, although they know the old man has made every effort to get another abode, unsuccessfully. The Magistrates have adjourned the case for three months, during which Copping may be able to find a home, but such callous treatment of a man who has spent his whole working life in their service is utterly discreditable to the G.E.R.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

State Assistance for Universities.

Appeal is being made for grants of £100,000 each per annum to the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. But do folks generally know the number of social misfits turned out of these institutions annually? The country is swarming with briefless barristers, journalists without a journal, and lecturers minus a platform. Erudite scholars in classics and mathematics are begging for any kind of work for a mere pittance. Advanced academic training is a bad investment unless the recipient is backed with money and influence, in which case he does not need his scholarship. Many a young man is wishing to-day that his father had spent £50 on a fried fish shop instead of £2,000 on a University career. Sad, but true!

Our Easter Eggs.

The practice of enclosing valuable articles of jewellery in Easter eggs has become very fashionable among the wealthy classes of late years, but it would be difficult to find more valuable seasonable offerings, open to all, than are presented by our "Bullets" Competition. This week the first prize is a nice little nest egg of £500, and there are innumerable other prizes to be won by the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity. Full particulars will be found on page 20.

THE POISONED STREAM.

BY THE EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

[In the following article the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Chancellor of the Primrose League, deals effectively with the menace of Bolshevism, and argues that the Communist Party of Great Britain are "sapping and mining the foundations of society." We gladly publish the article, not because we necessarily endorse the whole policy of the Primrose League, but in the belief that upon this particular subject the views of the Earl of Pembroke will be widely shared.]

I UNDERSTAND that it is the policy of JOHN BULL to resist Bolshevism in all its forms, and by the force of reason and sound argument to defend the historic British Constitution against the assaults of revolutionary fanatics. With this attitude towards an ever-growing social menace I am in entire agreement, and I gladly accede to the request of the Editor to put before the readers of this journal a definite expression of my views. I sympathise to the full with the aspirations of the workers towards a better condition of life and a fairer distribution of the rewards of industry. These are demands which will have to be met in a reasonable and even a generous spirit if the menace of revolution is to be averted. At the same time, there must be no compromise of essential principles, and, eager as I am for peace and harmony in our social relations, I would make no truce with the evil principle which, having reduced one great European State to ruins, already threatens our own inviolate shores. That there is a real "Red" peril in this country is undeniable, and my fear is lest the apathy of the average citizen should encourage the extremists and bring the danger to our doors.

EFFICIENT COUNTER-MEASURES.

It was my sense of the reality of this peril which induced me to throw myself heart and soul into the work of the Primrose League; the policy of this organisation, of which I have the honour to be Chancellor, being to counteract the Bolshevist agitation by a vigorous propaganda and the presentation of an alternative social policy on sound lines. After the Armistice there was much difficulty in getting people to take a live interest in politics. This inertia was no doubt natural after the terrible strain and stress of the war. But it gave the Communist Party, especially in municipal elections, the opportunity of gaining victories that would not otherwise have been possible. In the London County Council elections of 1919 only 17 per cent. of the electors took the trouble to vote. For the past two years we have been trying to break down this apathy, and at the recent municipal elections in London and the provinces there was a marked revival of public interest. The electors are beginning to realise the dangers of Communist rule with its orgy of extravagance and waste. This is a hopeful and encouraging sign.

THE PERILS OF THE HOUR.

And none too soon. The country is in the throes of a grave crisis. In politics and industry there is confusion and disorganisation, and in many parts of the Empire there are alarming disturbances. Seditious and revolutionary propaganda, much of it no doubt inspired from the headquarters of the Red International at Moscow, increases rather than diminishes; while individual liberty is threatened in a manner unknown in English history since the days of the Commonwealth. How are these difficulties and dangers to be met and overcome? I believe the only way is by returning to sound principles of government and by the adoption of a truly national policy that will give security and confidence to industry, stimulate and foster private enterprise, and unite all sections and classes in a patriotic endeavour to increase the well-being of the people.

THE SLOGAN OF THE STRUGGLE.

It would be a fine thing if we could revive the old English battle-cry, "For God, King and Country," and make it the guiding principle of modern politics. If this motto were generally accepted by all classes there could be no fear of class-hatred, revolution or Bolshevism; everyone would be striving to promote the welfare of the country—and whoever serves his country well, in whatever capacity, cannot be the enemy of any class. The immediate task of all well-disposed citizens is to make a determined stand against the revolutionary elements who are working to destroy the economic foundations of society. These hare-brained agitators have been allowed far too much freedom. Many of them are the paid agents of foreign organisations. It is sometimes said that these efforts of the revolutionary Socialists in Great Britain are not likely to produce any serious results. This is a mistaken view. Enormous harm has already been done in various directions by the Communist fanatics, and the constant sapping and mining of the foundations of society may in the long run prove more disastrous than a direct attack from behind barricades. It is by this same sapping and mining process that the Bolshevist faction hope to destroy the industrial system of this country. In the past year or two I have personally investigated the propaganda of the Communists and have found it to be more extensive and better financed and organised than most people believe.

THE POISONED STREAM.

In the industrial centres of South Wales, the Midlands, the North of England and in Scotland, hundreds of meetings and classes are constantly being held at which glib-tongued revolutionaries poison the minds of the workers. Few people have any idea of the quantity of revolutionary literature, from leaflets and pamphlets to expensive books and periodicals, circulated in this country. So extensive and apparently profitable is this kind of propaganda that several publishing companies have been formed recently to print and issue revolutionary literature. There is, I believe, no country except Russia in which so much stuff of this kind is in circulation. In fact, the output of Bolshevist pamphlets printed and published in London has become so menacing that the New Zealand Government have recently prohibited the importation of a number of these London publications. One fallacy vitiates the whole of this economic teaching. It is contended that all wealth is produced by manual labour, and that all who are not manual workers are parasites upon the wage-earners. Surely this is a palpable absurdity. If men who labour were the only source of wealth there would be scarcely sufficient produced to keep the labourers from starvation. It is this fatal misunderstanding that is responsible for the total failure of the Communist experiment in Russia. It is the great organisers and directors of industry, the men of brains and enterprise, who enable manual workers to produce a far greater amount of wealth than would be possible if they were left to their own unaided resources. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the workers participate in the social benefits which this increased wealth confers upon society. Even if there is room for a fairer distribution of profits and a better adjustment of working conditions, these ends can be achieved without revolution. The mere overthrow of Capitalism, which is the aim and end of the Communist agitation, would simply involve wage-earners, with employers, in a common ruin.

EXTREMIST DOMINANCE.

But the moderate leaders of Labour are being defied and defeated by the extremists whom they will not, or cannot, control. In some recent by-elections the Labour candidates, in order to obtain the help of the Communist Party, pledged themselves, if elected, to support in Parliament certain Communist demands. These pledges have since been published in the *Communist*, with reminders to the newly-elected Labour members that their pledges must be kept. In every case the extremists have won. I do not believe the policy of a Labour Government would be determined by the moderate elements; it would be decided by the extremists. This belief is strengthened by the knowledge that extreme men who, during the war, were rallying the Conscientious Objectors and speaking at pro-German meetings, have recently entered the House of Commons as Labour Members; while others, just as notorious for extreme views and a total lack of patriotism, are candidates of the Labour Party for the next General Election.

IS LABOUR FIT TO GOVERN?

The indications are that a Labour Government would be driven by the noisy insistence of its wild men to adopt extreme Socialistic measures. It is for the reasons I have stated that I earnestly support the policy of the Primrose League, formed nearly forty years ago to popularise the sound and constitutional principles upon which the great Disraeli founded his Imperial statesmanship. Those principles are not yet out of date, and in my judgment they form the only possible basis for a practical alternative policy to that advocated by the frantic extremists of the Labour movement, who will wreck the Empire if they can.

Not to be missed—JOHN BULL'S coming big surprise.

BEER AND THE BUDGET.

IMPERATIVE NEED FOR REDUCED TAXATION.

Unless the Government use part of their surplus on the Budget to reduce taxation on the people's beer, they will have perpetrated an act of flagrant folly and patent injustice. Let us make the folly clear first. The aim of taxation is revenue, and the more you tax anything the more revenue you get—up to a point. Beyond that point the contrary holds good, because the article gets so costly that people cannot buy it—and the Exchequer consequently loses. Now it is exactly this that has happened in regard to beer. The revenue from this source is drying up, and it is drying up because thousands of people cannot afford to drink the beverage which they and theirs have been accustomed to take for generations.

"KILLING THE GOOSE.

Go into any public house in a populous district after eight or nine o'clock and often it is empty. "People can't afford beer," the landlord will tell you. And he is right! With wages falling to pre-war level, they cannot afford to give 5d. or 4½d. for what cost them 2d. or 1½d. in 1914. Hence the revenue from beer is down some millions, and will be down more—unless taxation on it is reduced. For it is clear that without such reduction the price of beer must remain widely prohibitive. If the Government were to lower taxation, more money would flow into the Treasury. There is only one obstacle in the way—Pussyfoot! Now the Government, it is certain, or nearly certain, intends to reduce the Income Tax, and rightly so. It is acting in restraint of trade and is causing unemployment. Everyone agrees it is too high, and the main argument for its reduction is that, with less tax, the State will get more money. So far, so good. But if this be true of a rich man's tax, why should it not be held to apply to the beer tax, which hits the poor cruelly? For the plain fact is that frequently the only comfort the poor have is their drop of ale. The so-called "Temperance Reformers" may think this very wicked, but, after all, English people drank beer centuries before freaks like these had ever been heard of, and they will continue to do so when their speeches are forgotten. What the teetotal fanatics are after is to get the Government to introduce Prohibition by a side wind, *i.e.*, by making beer so expensive that people will not be able to buy it. It is a disreputable strategy, long ago denounced by John Stuart Mill. But it may only too easily succeed.

SHADY STRATEGY.

It is perhaps the worst vice of the teetotal agitation in this country that it resorts with ease and even with exultation to methods which reek of trickery and fraud. We all remember how the irksome wartime restrictions upon the sale of liquor were foisted upon the country in the name of patriotism, and how, when the Armistice was signed and the Peace Treaty concluded, every effort was made by the Prohibitionist party permanently to fasten the fetters of control upon the habits of the people. Similarly with Local Option—or to give it its more aptly descriptive title, Local Veto—which, under the guise of democratic control, would enable a majority of the electors in any given locality to dictate to others how they should quench their thirst. Undoubtedly, the gas-and-water brigade are working their hardest at this juncture to maintain the duties on beer at their present high level, and so indirectly to force an unwilling abstinence upon a large section of the population. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer panders to the extremists he will be false to his trust as the custodian of the national finances. On economic grounds, the case for a reduction of taxation upon the people's beverage is unanswerable. Now, Sir Robert Horne!

SORTED OUT.

DISMISSALS IN WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT P.O.

It is very difficult to know what to say to the complaint of mistreatment of part-time sorters in the West Central (London) District Post Office, made by a reader. He says orders have been received for the dismissal of "all men who have not been in the Army or Navy, irrespective of their physical defect," and "as all men doing part-time or auxiliary work were not physically fit, or were too old for Army or Navy, it is a shame." Why make such a constant, indiscriminating fuss about the ex-Service man? he wants to know. "The old and physically unfit are also entitled to consideration, for all soldiers and sailors were not volunteers but conscripts, who only went because they were pushed." But they served at a shilling a day while the others stayed safely at home and filled their purses.

JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

PUBLIC POLICY AND BETTING LAW.

Mr. JusticeAst bury has given the Trustee in bankruptcy of Mr. A. F. Scranton a thwacking which must hurt that official's feelings considerably. The bankrupt had paid £950 by cheque to Mr. Pearse, a Brighton bookmaker, in satisfaction of a betting loss. Now the Trustee wants the money back, and the present law entitles him to have it. "But bother the law," says Mr. Justice Astbury, in effect. "A Trustee in bankruptcy is an officer of the Court, and a Judge is bound to see that an officer of the Court conducts himself like a gentleman; and as no gentleman would be mean enough and dishonourable enough to make such a claim, the Trustee will have to go to a higher Court for the money; he won't get it from me." It is a judgment worthy of the late King Solomon. "Public policy," declares Mr. Justice Astbury, "does not require that a man shall rob his bookmaker." Honest men everywhere fervently hope that Judges in the higher Courts will agree with him.

CAVE CANEM CADE!

COAL MERCHANTS' SHAMEFUL IMPOSTURE.

We intend no insult to our canine friends in mentioning them in the same breath as Joseph Cade and Co., Ltd., of White Horse Lane, Stepney, but in no other class can we place these conscienceless coal merchants. Not content with worrying petty debtors with the "blue frighteners" which we described in a recent issue, they have invented a still worse terror to harry their unfortunate customers. This consists of a plausible imitation of a County Court summons demanding payment of the debt plus agent's and solicitor's charges, embellished with a colourable counterfeit of a Court seal. The fact that these forms are printed indicates their extensive use. In the sample of this shameful imposture in our possession the amount of the debt is 6s. 9d. and agent's charges are stated at 3s. and solicitor's charges at 7s. 6d. It cannot be too widely known that these charges are bluff of the most despicable kind. No "agent's charges" could be recovered, and no solicitor's costs can be allowed if the amount of the debt does not exceed 40s. We have the very best of reasons for stating that these "frighteners" are regarded with the gravest disapproval by County Court Judges as most improper documents, deliberately intended to deceive. Joseph Cade and Company, Limited, must be fully aware of this and are probably the last people in the world who would desire to have one of their blue "blisters" produced in court upon the hearing of any claim.

PRURIENCE IN THE PEW.

SHAMEFUL SUGGESTIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

One would scarcely seek for sin in the pews of a parish church, yet visitors to the little old-world village of Pillerton, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, have found during Lent, distributed about the church dedicated to Saint Mary the Virgin, sin enough and to spare for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the form of a leaflet called "A Help to Contrition," stated to have been compiled by a parish priest. It is difficult to understand the mental attitude of the priestly author of this pernicious pamphlet. It is evidently intended for indiscriminate distribution among young and old, and consists of a hundred and one hypothetical confessions of wrong-doing, ranging in seriousness from the childish peccadilloes of the nursery to the most shameful depravities of hardened sinners. Some of the suggested confessions are frankly amusing, others are merely fussily irritating, but in a third category we find some of the vilest hints that could possibly be instilled as poison into innocent juvenile minds.

CRIMES OF CHILDHOOD.

We may regard with amused tolerance the suggested confessions of such crimes of childhood as the following:—

I have disobeyed my parents
I have stayed too late in bed
I have said my prayers in bed because I was lazy
I have been greedy at meals
I have grumbled at my food
I have grumbled at my dress
I have quarrelled with my brothers
I have stayed away from Sunday School
I have laughed in Church
I have talked in Church
I have eaten in Church

There is nothing very terrible about such offences. They are common to all children, who usually grow out of them, and may be none the worse for having them pointed out. The above suggestions are applicable only to children, yet we find them jumbled higgledy-piggledy among more serious sins, such as:—

I have cursed
I have sworn
I have used foul words
I have stolen money
I have cheated shopkeepers
I have cheated railway companies

It is all very well to take children to task for eating sweets in church, but why should they in the same breath be made acquainted with the crimes of theft, shoplifting, and defrauding railway companies, or led to inquire the distinctions between cursing, swearing, and using foul words?

POISONING THE INNOCENT.

These things, however, pale into insignificance compared with the horribly lewd suggestions made elsewhere in this catalogue of confessions, which, as we have shown, is obviously intended for circulation among children. Consider the effect on impressionable young minds, just merging into adolescence, of such prurient suggestions as the following:—

I have indulged impure thoughts
I have listened to impure talk
I have written impure words
I have drawn bad pictures
I have looked at bad pictures
I have read unclean things in books
I have done indecent things alone
I have encouraged others in shameful things
I have done shameful things with others
I have tempted others to sin

The last-mentioned brings us to a fitting commentary on this foul leaflet. It may be found in the words of Thomas Warton, the eighteenth century poet-philosopher, who wrote "He inflames those passions which he professes to suppress, gratifies the depravations of a prurient curiosity, and seduces innocent minds to an acquaintance with ideas which they might never have known."

Watch for a dramatic announcement in JOHN BULL shortly.

MORAL LEPERS FROM THE EAST.

PLAGUE SPOTS OF THE EAST-END—THE YELLOW PERIL AT OUR DOOR.

IT is high time that the public conscience was roused to a sense of the peril and scandal of Chinatown in London. While our kill-joys and Pussyfoots have been amusing themselves by hampering the legitimate recreations of the people, especially in the West End, there has grown up, silently and unsuspected, a colony of degraded Orientals who threaten to poison the whole social life of the East End. The root of the matter is simple. The Chinaman in his own land is sometimes a delightful person. But his ways, tastes and morals are repugnant to British ideas. Unfortunately, he has for certain white women an irresistible fascination, and this has enabled him to get his foot firmly into the East End of London and to settle down in such numbers that he is the controlling element in more than one neighbourhood. Outwardly he is suave, well-behaved, respectable. But he is a centre of pollution none the less, and to-day there are hundreds of half-caste children whose "Celestial" fathers are drawing the dole, while the mother adds to the family means by the proceeds of her own infamy. The result is a mass of misery, wretchedness and crime that it is almost impossible to estimate. It is essential that we should understand how this condition of affairs came about. Three years ago trade was "booming," work and wages were plentiful—and wholesome recreation scarce. At once John Chinaman got busy. Gambling dens and night clubs sprang up like mushrooms, where Puck-a-Poo and Fan-tan were played every night.

Bleeding the "Outer Barbarians."

Their proprietors coined money. Some of them sent over £80 a week to their wives and families in China, though still able to lavish money on the English girls they had married here—who, in their expensive fur coats and elaborate costumes, became "the observed of all observers." By an irony that beggars description, many of these men and their English families are now living at the ratepayers' expense. That is not all. The Chinaman, as we have said, may be admirable in his own land. Here he infects the women with whom he is intimate with depraved tastes, vile proclivities, which often destroy them, and must react disastrously on the race. Practices common in the East, pleasures to which the Oriental has long accustomed himself, but which are still abhorrent to the Western mind—these follow in the trail of the Chinaman as certainly as they destroy the white woman who practises them. Some of these vices cannot be indicated here. But one, at all events, we can disclose without reserve. The police to-day are spending large sums of money and much energy in trying to track down the purveyors of cocaine "up West." But the centre of the supply is in Chinatown, where the dope is very frequently smuggled in from the Docks and then retailed elsewhere in London.

Deadly "Dope" Dealers.

The Chinaman has for centuries been addicted to drugs—ever since the Pussyfoots of his own country in a remote age stopped the sale of alcohol in "the flowery land." He understands the art of conveying them in secret to a nicety. A witness, whose veracity we believe to be unimpeachable, assures us that quantities of opium are taken from the Docks overnight by the "Chows" and stored at convenient places—not in their own houses. Sometimes the police effect a raid and the "dope" is confiscated. Frequently, however, it gets through—and is sold by Chinamen at enormous profit. Incidentally, dozens of girls are made victims of the drug habit, which, once it seizes on a European, is fatal. It is useless to blame the police in this matter. Their hands are tied. Necessarily their powers of interference with men outwardly respectable are limited. Even when, as 18 months ago, wholesale raids occur, and the Chinese temporarily departed—mainly to Amsterdam and the States—they came back again, and as they had not been actually deported by law, free England of course must receive them again. More, perhaps, could be done by inspection—if the police were freed from the odious task of spying on English tradesmen for petty offences. They cannot do both. The plain and simple fact is that the remedy is in public opinion. Feeling in the district affected is getting dangerous. We are within reasonable distance of anti-Chinese "pogroms." The struggling shopkeepers and casual workers of Poplar are paying as much as £2 10s. per week to "Chows" who openly laugh in their faces. At any moment the Englishman may hit back with alarming results. That way lies failure. A better method is to awaken our girls and women to a realisation of this new Yellow Peril. Public opinion, and feminine public opinion, already tends to stop the intimacy between white women and their black admirers. In the United States that feeling has a force far greater than any law, and its repercussion is felt throughout all classes. We need a similar feeling to assert itself here in unmistakable manner. There is something odious about the association of white women and yellow men which, boldly and clearly emphasised, should purge London of Chinatown and its evil ways before it is too late.

"East is East."

This demand is not inspired by racial prejudice, with which, we are entitled to claim, the policy of this journal has never been tainted. Yet, when all is said, there is profound truth in Rudyard Kipling's "East is East, and West is West, And never the twain shall meet"—never, that is, in community of sentiment in regard to sex relations and the treatment of women. In these matters the ideas of the ordinary Westerner and the average Oriental remain as the poles apart. To the low-grade Chinaman bent on the pursuit and capture of an English girl the chase is all that matters, and as soon as his purpose is achieved the victim will be thrown aside like a disused toy. This is the danger, and it is in a mood of deep earnestness that we sound a warning note.

THE "HUNTED CHILD" TRAPPED.

FOUR YEARS FOR BEGGING A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

As a result of relentless persecution by the Rev. C. B. Law, Vicar of Cheshunt, and his pious satellites, the little twelve-year-old child, Lily Mansfield, to whose case we referred at length in a recent issue, has now been ordered to be detained in the Princess Mary's Cottage Home Industrial School, Addlestone, Surrey, until she reaches the age of sixteen, and the father has been ordered to pay 3s. a week towards her maintenance, the total cost of which will be 15s. a week. The harshness of this decree can best be understood when it is stated that the only offence proved against the child was that of asking for a pair of stockings. There was no evidence forthcoming in support of the allegation of systematic begging, and the Magistrates were not justified in taking cognisance of statements unsupported by sworn evidence. We can only repeat that proceedings should have been instituted against the parents if there was reason to suppose that the girl was being brought up to methodical mendicancy. As it is, this child, for an offence of which she can have had no guilty knowledge, is sentenced to four years' detention and the stigma which inevitably attaches to an industrial school. It is not surprising that feeling in Cheshunt is running very high against the clergyman and local busybodies who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about this cruel banishment of a little child—at the expense of the ratepayers.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

GIRL MEETS DEATH—BUT NO NEGLIGENCE.

Ethel Hinchcliffe, of Sheffield, a girl of 15, has died from the result of injuries received by her hair being caught in some shafting in the weaving sheds of Messrs. Samuel Laycock, Limited, by whom she was employed. At the inquest, the foreman agreed that the shafting should have been fenced in, but placed the negligence at the door of the engineer and the joiner. The engineer declared that the dangerous machinery had been left in its unprotected condition because the joiner had been on other work, but his own attention had not been called to the matter; the joiner was an old man, who had since left the works. Finally, the firm had been fined £25 for not fencing in shafting. Now, here was a foreman whose business was to protect the hands in his charge, but who did not report the danger; a joiner whose job it was to fence the shaft, but who ignored it for other work; an engineer who was paid to maintain the plant in an efficient and *safe* condition; and a firm presumably responsible for the comfort, limbs and lives of its employés. But when the jury return a verdict of death from injuries due to the machinery being unfenced, the Coroner said he took that as meaning *there was no criminal negligence!* As a crowning insult to commonsense, the Company's solicitor calmly said: "It was a case of everybody's business being nobody's business"! But isn't it the business of the Board of Trade?

CUT-THROAT CRANKS.

COL. JOHN KYNASTON AND THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

The campaign inaugurated by John Bull against the reckless manner in which the children of the poor have their throats hacked about, frequently with fatal results, at the whim of School Medical Officers who worship the fetish of the knife, has received noteworthy support from Col. John Kynaston, the famous physician, who has long set his face against these unnecessary operations on tonsils and adenoids. In congratulating us upon our recent articles exposing this shocking scandal, Col. Kynaston says: "I take my stand upon the irrefutable evidence which exists that in not more than five per cent. of these cases can any disease be demonstrated upon examination of the glands after their removal. Any ordinary intelligent person can easily be taught how to distinguish whether there is disease present or not by a comparison of the symptoms, and how to effect a cure." This eminent medical man, who has no kind of personal axe to grind, has now been enabled to open an institute at 19, Regent Street, London, W., where he deals personally with enquiries and requests for advice regarding enlarged tonsils and adenoids, and explains his methods of treatment by post without fee, in order to bring this information within the reach of all. This is work of the most valuable and humane character, which should be noted by all parents who fear that their children may come under the dread sentence of the knife.

Wherever you may chance to be, JOHN BULL'S big surprise you'll see.

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.

THERE never was a time in political history when there was a greater chance for new men to make a name and a fame for themselves in Parliament than there is at the present moment. But unfortunately there has seldom been a time when so few men were to be found who could take advantage of their exceptional opportunities. Parliament, for the most, is made up of two classes of men. One class is composed of those who believe in the old traditions of political warfare. They keep to the beaten path. They are rather tired and very afraid of new ideas. Then of course there are the others who are simply war profiteers, living in the hope of one day being exalted to the rank of profit peers.

The exceptions in the House to this rule of character are comparatively few, and it is easy to distinguish them. One of the outstanding exceptions is Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy.

Commander Kenworthy has earned for himself among Members the nickname of "The Opposition," and has done everything in human power to deserve it. He once told me that he loved to be "a nuisance," and during the first few months of his career as a Member of Parliament he made himself one of the greatest nuisances that even the Mother of Parliaments had ever achieved. He started out by committing every mistake which is conceivably possible in young and ambitious politicians who wish to become statesmen. He came down to Westminster attired in naval uniform, addressed the House with his hands in his pockets, and astounded us all by his innumerable questions and his irrepressible interruptions.

He was certainly the most turbulent M.P., and attracted so much public attention that Mr. Pemberton Billing thought it wise to retire.

As for his future, it is too early to prophesy. He is young, and has never burned his boats like the ex-naval commander, Mr. Cyril Malone. He will give a dinner to the Bolshevist representatives, but he makes no profession of upsetting the Parliament where he lives laborious days and nights.

If he follows the precedent of turbulent M.P.s of the past, he will die a Tory. But he is not formed to a precedent, but rather as a portent. He is the apotheosis of the commonplace, which, if it really sinks to the dead level to which the Trade Unions and Communistic movements are tending, will make civilisation a thing crawling on its belly, not worth preserving. All will be equal and all will talk.

It is here that the 500-column output attains its dreadful significance. An historian has told us that one of the proximate causes of the French Revolution was the presence of over 350 lawyers in the Chamber. If we could think of Kenworthy in the plural, we should have to think of revolution, for it would mean the paralysis of Parliament.

Still, there is hope!

Commander Kenworthy seems to be for the moment satisfied with his 500-column output in the first official Report of his first session in Parliament. He is not talking nearly so much as he did when he first left the quarterdeck for the floor of Westminster, and when he does talk he is talking more sensibly than he did in the past.

He still carries on a constant guerilla war against the Government, but his questions are not prompted by the loose-thinking and lunacy of Communism so much as they were two years ago.

At first the Government tried to kill him with ridicule. They failed, and now they realise that he is a notable critic and opponent. Despising him at first, they soon found that his shots were wounding Ministers, and even the Premier now respects him and puts on a good deal of armour-plate when he is about. He is the most energetic man in the House of Commons, both in debate and in the Lobbies, and having advanced views on many topics is vaguely labelled "Bolshevik" by the Old Gang, who think it unfair that an aristocrat—he is the eldest son of Lord Strabolgi, and the barony of Strabolgi is a very old one, dating from 1318—should disturb their ancient peace. Before entering Parliament in April, 1919, as Independent Liberal member for Central Hull, he was a commander in the Navy, and after several ship commands served with the naval artillery in France. Also he was the heavyweight boxing champion of the Navy. He is 34 years of age.

What of the future of this strange Radical aristorat?

Personally, I think he will go far in his political career, because he is at least a man of undoubted ability and outstanding sincerity. The only thing that induced the House of Commons to forgive him for his execrable manners was a realisation of the fact that here was a person who was at least sincere, and who had no personal or political axe to grind. Time will mellow Commander Kenworthy, and I think that we shall live to see the day when he is an outspoken, courageous but sober and serious member of one of His Majesty's future Governments.

He has committed terrible errors of judgment and taste, but his tenacity has always compelled admiration. With his indefatigable brain, his loud mouth and his fearless courage in debate, he came as a gift from Heaven to the little group of Members whose only distinction was that they were called in the public Press "His Majesty's Opposition." He had swallowed all sorts of false and foolish political nostrums. He was prepared to take Communism out to tea and Socialism out to dinner. But in the sobering atmosphere of the House of Commons he soon discovered that his fellow Members were not inclined to imbibe the doctrines of folly with the same avidity as he had shown as a political babe. Since then Commander Kenworthy has grown out of his infancy. We cease to hear the squalls from the cradle.

When he has attained his political manhood I hope one day to welcome him as a statesman whose sincerity, courage and foresight will make him an ornament of any Government to which he belongs.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—I believe that you have been telling the Dundee master butchers that you are in favour of the abolition of the embargo on Canadian cattle and are voting for it with both hands. That being so, surely it is a little mysterious that you did nothing to get it abolished till a General Election loomed on the horizon. The old Romans had a proverb to the effect that "the mob live to be humbugged," and you have taken full advantage of this failing. But surely you owe us some explanation as to why you and your colleagues persistently refused to lift a ban that, as you now admit, had only one result—dearer food for the people.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-General Sir William Furse, K.C.B., D.S.O., Ministry of Pensions.

SIR,—Surely your observations in regard to the ex-Service men's bands are a little unfortunate. If it be true, as you suggest, that the men get good collections, this is because the public appreciate the music they give—which, though sometimes imperfectly rendered, is of a quality not usually heard in the streets. Surely it is better that the men should be supporting themselves thus than living at the expense of the taxpayer. As for your statement that only by honest, hard work can our trade be put right, it is only a half truth. The plain fact is that "honest, hard work" is not there to do, and will not be, till Europe is settled.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir William Sutherland, M.P.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Permit me to congratulate you upon your appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It is true that, as one of the papers reminds me, Hansard has very little to credit you with so far as your contributions to debate are concerned, and frankly, if I were asked what services you had rendered to the nation, I should have to consult the books of reference where these things are recorded. But we all know that you have been the most successful Press and Publicity Agent of modern times, and the Prime Minister owes at least half of his popularity, now diminishing, to your ubiquitous and untiring "write ups." True, his stock is falling just now, but there are some things that even the Press cannot do. Anyhow, I am glad he has not forgotten you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Arthur R. Dyer, Chief of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade and Ambulance Service.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the disquieting revelations which have been made recently of the utterly inadequate nature of the London County Council Ambulance Service, I am glad to hear that you are "going to look into the question of increasing the number of ambulances and installing telephone points now that the matter has been raised." You astound me, however, when you add, "But I have not the haziest notion what is going to be done"! I should have thought that it was your business to know exactly how things can be improved, and to submit a report on the subject to the Council without delay. But perhaps it is too much to expect a public official to think and act quickly.

JOHN BULL.

To H. W. Brown, Esq., formerly of Speyer Bros., Merchants and Bankers, 7, Lothbury, London, E.C.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I am very pleased to see that the partnership between yourself and Edgar Speyer—so long known as Sir Edgar Speyer—has been dissolved. Everyone who followed the proceedings which resulted in the revocation of the Naturalisation Order and the cancellation of the Privy Councillorship of the traitor baronet in December last, will feel inclined to congratulate you upon having rid yourself of such an undesirable business associate, remembering how you scorned his invitation to participate in a scheme to evade the censorship during the war and amass profit by trading with the enemy. You will find the good old British name you bear no drawback to business.

JOHN BULL.

To George Dale Williams, Farmer and Dealer, Towyn, Merionethshire.

CALLOUS MAN,—I don't know what your financial position may be, but I hope it is such that the fine of £25 imposed upon you at the Towyn Police Court last week will serve to impress upon your mind the brutality of your offence. It was shown that a horse of yours was left out on the marshes without the slightest attention being paid to its needs. No one had been seen taking it food or water for some days, and it became emaciated and died of starvation, in its death-struggles digging a grave for itself 5 feet long and 18 inches deep. It is a pity there is not a law to prevent people convicted of such callous cruelty ever being allowed to have charge of animals again.

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Alfred Frith, Mayor of Macclesfield.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—At a recent Council meeting you voted against the introduction of music in the parks on the people's day of rest and recreation; yet on a subsequent Sunday you presided over a concert held in the local theatre in aid of the infirmary. If it is a case of your Sabbatarian scruples being so easily overcome by an appeal to charity, let me suggest that you should permit Sunday music in the parks on the condition that the proceeds from the sale of seats be devoted to some worthy object. If you attended you would soon discover how greatly it is appreciated by jaded workers.

JOHN BULL.

To Monsieur Coué, Auto-Suggestionist, Nancy, France.

MONSIEUR,—While I regret the terrible scenes of pandemonium which followed your attempts at faith-healing at the Tooting Special Neurological Hospital, when shell-shocked soldiers, in paroxysms of hysteria, flung themselves writhing and shrieking on the floor, I must confess the incident does not surprise me, in view of the untried nature of your treatment. What surprises me is the airy fashion in which you remarked "it was nothing to worry about," although a distinguished doctor who witnessed the awful fiasco declared it had put the work of the hospital back years. Your doctrines appear to be very comforting—to yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. J. Stanton, Vicar of Thorpe Bay, Southend.

REVEREND SIR,—May I suggest to you that it is not very becoming in a disciple of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth to sneer at the working-classes? Last week you said, "We are very conveniently situated to a certain end of London, which, unfortunately, is not the West End, and among the thousands of people who come to Southend are many we could wish would not come so frequently." You seem to imagine that the West End has a monopoly of all the virtues. But when you add that you and your wife watched three drunken men asleep on the beach with the waves washing their feet, and that the water was up to their knees before they realised what had happened, I am constrained to say that I do not think the Master you profess to serve would have been content to stand idly by and watch their discomfiture. Could you not have helped them?

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Guardians of the Poplar type
Have met, throughout the land,
With an emphatic set back
That should bring them to a stand.

Oh, happy Arab chieftains, who
From Churchill's hand receive
A salary of thousands, which
Would hundreds here relieve.

From Labour Hughes no nonsense stands;
Though he has laboured well:
He tells their leaders to be damned—
In short, to go to Hell!

When music-hall musicians strike,
It really beats the band!
But Gulliver, it seems to us,
Has got them well in hand.

If your "dark cloud" has no "silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

What Will Joe Fox Do?

Johnny Kilbane has now been over here quite a time, but the British, French and Belgian featherweights, Fox, Criqui and Wyns, have not altogether been tumbling over one another in their anxiety to meet him. Why, I do not know. I hope by the time these lines appear that Joe Fox will have made a definite move. He is our best man at the weight; he cannot lose his British title; and there would be a world's championship in his reach. Of course Wyns (see sketch) as the European featherweight champion, has more right to meet the American, but Fox has expressed his willingness to box for £500 a side, and I wish him luck.

Kilbane and Danny Frush.

Though Kilbane wants to meet Criqui, Fox and Wyns and any others who may come along, I have not heard him mention Danny Frush specifically. When Kilbane beat Frush in America, he had his own referee, made his own conditions, and interpreted the rules in his own way without let or hindrance. Why not give Frush another chance—and a real one?

Not Quite What He Meant.

They have a queer way in France of saying what they mean. When Tommy Harrison beat Charles Ledoux at Hanley, Ledoux let it be known that he was dissatisfied with the decision—the uncontradicted inference being that he thought the official had erred. But Ledoux now says the fault was his—or his advisers'—because he thought Harrison was just a "local" lad, and that no particularly special training was required to meet him. When the two clash at Liverpool on the 24th inst. I expect Ledoux to have his revenge.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Wasn't it Mark Twain who, describing the method of making coffee in a certain country, said: "You get a gallon of water and bring it to a boil. Then insert one coffee bean and stir gently *as long as necessary*"? That always occurs to me whenever I see sweeping public challenges in the newspapers by one boxer to another. There is so much fuss and noise and preparation—and so little result. Why on earth don't managers write to or meet one another privately and then announce the contest when the contract has been signed? Boxing is a manly sport—but blatant braggadocio for the sake of cheap advertisement is dragging it in the mud.

Lesson to British Athletes.

The success of Guillemot and the French team in the International cross country race was further emphatic evidence that the work of organising British athletics on new lines is not being undertaken too soon. The County area scheme gives us the best chance of bringing to light talent which might easily be buried and lost in an obscure village but for a helping hand at the right time. There is great opportunity here for real work and lasting good, and the utmost advantage ought to—and I hope will—be taken of it.

Our 10 to 1 Winner.

Thasos, which won the Apprentices Handicap at Newmarket on April 5th at the handsome odds of 10 to 1, was, it will be remembered, one of my specials for that day. By the way, the King's colt, Joss House, which I also fancied last week, is about the most unlucky horse that ever trod a racecourse. So far he has run eight times, and has been second on no fewer than six occasions! At Newmarket, the King's horse was well expected to break his long spell of bad luck, but once again he found one too good for him in Indulgence, a daughter of Friar Marcus, who used to carry the King's colours.

Racing at Leicester.

After the meeting at Leicester to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow the racing forces take a couple of days' rest before dividing their attentions between Kempton Park, Birmingham, and Newcastle, on Easter Monday. At Leicester to-day, the Durham Plate figures as the big event, and for this I fancy STAR REGAL will about win. PHILTER or Kitsiwitsy may capture the Oadby Plate, and BROTHER BILL the Gopsall Sweepstakes. In the Leicestershire Handicap to-morrow, Cottrill may run PROCONSUL, and the Lincolnshire "fourth" has a big chance. MERRY MINX c. appears good enough for the Glen Selling Plate.

Kempton "Easter Eggs."

There should be a capital day's racing at Kempton on Easter Monday, with the Queen's Prize as the chief item of interest. Devizes has picked up a 14-lb. penalty for his Newmarket win, and may not beat last year's victor Trespasser. I fancy the winner will come from the lighter-weighted division, and VIRGINIE or CHIVALROUS may score. PENSEROSO, the newly-named Vitalba f., has a chance in the Ashford Plate, and the Easter Plate should go to PRESTON-GRANGE, who is regarded as a rare smasher. HAPPY SALLY was well backed when third recently, and this filly may win the South-Western Plate.

At Birmingham and Newcastle.

In the Spring Handicap, at Birmingham, WOODROW has not been overweighted with 7 st. 8 lb. There was a heap of money piled on this five-year-old when only just beaten recently. RECESS should be followed for the Burton Handicap on Tuesday, and LITTLE URCHIN may win the Packington Handicap. At Newcastle, on Monday, I like GOLD WILLOW in the Gosforth Park Stakes, and LILLA CROSS in the Benton Plate. The three-year-old Handicap on Tuesday may be won by BOLD KNIGHT, and in the Brunton Plate I fancy PODOLIA.

Australia's Davis Cup Team.

When Gerald Patterson (see sketch), the young Australian lawn tennis player, was deprived of the world's championship at Wimbledon by W. T. Tilden, a queer backhand stroke was his chief undoing. Patterson has been assiduously cultivating a substitute stroke for this, and has so far succeeded that he and J. O. Anderson are reported to be in better form than ever. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that neither will be seen in England this summer, and financial and business reasons may prevent them going to America to take part in the Davis Cup Competition.

An Unfair Imputation.

If Clay (see sketch), who got into the England team against Scotland because of the injury to Lucas, knew what happened at the meeting of the F. A. International Selection Committee, he would not feel that he had got another cap by default and not merit. Nor, in another matter, has Manchester the right to say that the F. A. "shovels honours into Sheffield's lap," and hint it is all because of a gentleman named J. C. Clegg. The imputation is unfair, unsportsmanlike and cannot be supported by facts.

Fortunes in the F.A. Cup.

Has the sunshine of fortune ever smiled so benignantly on any club so consistently as on Huddersfield Town, F. A. Cup Finalists with Preston North End? Three years ago it was a case of empty coffers and a black outlook. Now, after 17 Cup ties which have brought in £53,000, they can afford to hand out cigars and open bottles of "bubbly." It would, perhaps, be stretching it to say all this affluence is due to the magic of Herbert Chapman, but the smiling Yorkshireman has had a lot to do with it.

Football Players' Wages.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer levied Entertainment Tax on football clubs, the managements were not slow to see that here was a chance of making good out of evil. So they made the odd coppers into a round figure, charged a shilling a head—and much profit resulted. Now it is getting quite time charges were reduced—and if they are, say the League, the players' £9 a week will be in jeopardy. It is a pretty problem, and I do not envy the League the task which confronts them at Manchester this (Wednesday) afternoon.

The Right Way To Do It.

John Gunn has had a benefit with Notts, but the County Cricket Committee have done him the honour to grant him another, and the Yorkshire match at Trent Bridge in July has been chosen. They know in Nottinghamshire how to do things properly for the men who serve them well, and I am glad to pay my tribute to the genuine spirit of comradeship and good feeling which exists between employers and employed in this sporting Midland shire.

Flouting the Public.

A split in the billiards world which leaves such men as Sidney Fry and Graham Symes outside the ranks of the controlling authority needs some explanation. I suggest to the B.A. and B.C.C.—or what is left of it—that they get busy with an attempt to enlighten the public. If not, they need not be surprised if a new body rises from the ashes of the old and blows new life into the game and all that pertains to it.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of the "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4, in which paper answers will be given.

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THE EMPT

By FATHER BER

ON the eve of my departure for a long voyage, I am glad to write a few words in support of the courageous attitude adopted by JOHN BULL with regard to one of the most vital problems of the day. I am a whole-hearted opponent of birth control, and I would willingly give my life if by so doing I could ensure that such a pernicious doctrine could be finally disposed of. At the moment, I am only anxious to deal with the problem from the great national point of view. France ought to be a sufficient object-lesson when we are denouncing birth control. Had she done her duty by God and Country, with her splendid motive she could have smashed the Hun unaided—without calling for external help. If Germany should spring at the neck of France again in years to come, what resistance will our courageous ally be able to give with her deliberate shortage of fighting men? Again, if England is to make good her final claim to her far-flung possessions—nearly a fourth of the globe—she must undertake the responsibility of either populating the lands herself or allowing the yellow races to do so. And if England is to live a clean, healthy, and energetic life she must not be afraid of carrying out her marital obligations. No man or woman has a right to the privileges of married life unless they are also prepared to accept their responsibilities.

The Sin of Self-Indulgence.

Of course, the special pleaders tell us that they have no responsibilities as to fatherhood and motherhood. It indeed requires very special pleading to justify such a position. We all know that the prevailing excuse for birth control is borrowed from Eugenists. The real reason for it as a general rule is that one may have more time and leisure for self-indulgence. Anyone read in history will remember how England's finest sons have been drawn from large families, and as a rule it is not the eldest, but the third or fifth child, who makes his mark upon the British Empire's escutcheon. It is true that there is no room for a larger population if we insist upon living in the East End and West End of our large cities; but there is room enough for one hundred millions on the green fields of England if only we raised our roof trees upon them and made our villages bright and cheery with Clubs, Cinemas, Hippodromes, and whatever else is demanded by people who will not be content to be stuck down in the mud in deadly dull villages not now dominated by the beneficent squirearchy of Old England but by the profiteer. Teaching our rising generation how to control birth and encouraging them to do so is a poor gospel to preach in a country that prides itself on being a God-fearing people, possessing sound common sense. Birth control may be safely preached so long as it is a euphemism for self-control—but that is all. What we want all the time is a propaganda with three points: Know thyself; Fight thyself; Conquer thyself. I feel that if once our beloved country took up the doctrine of birth control seriously there would be nothing but humiliation for the future of England's proud race.

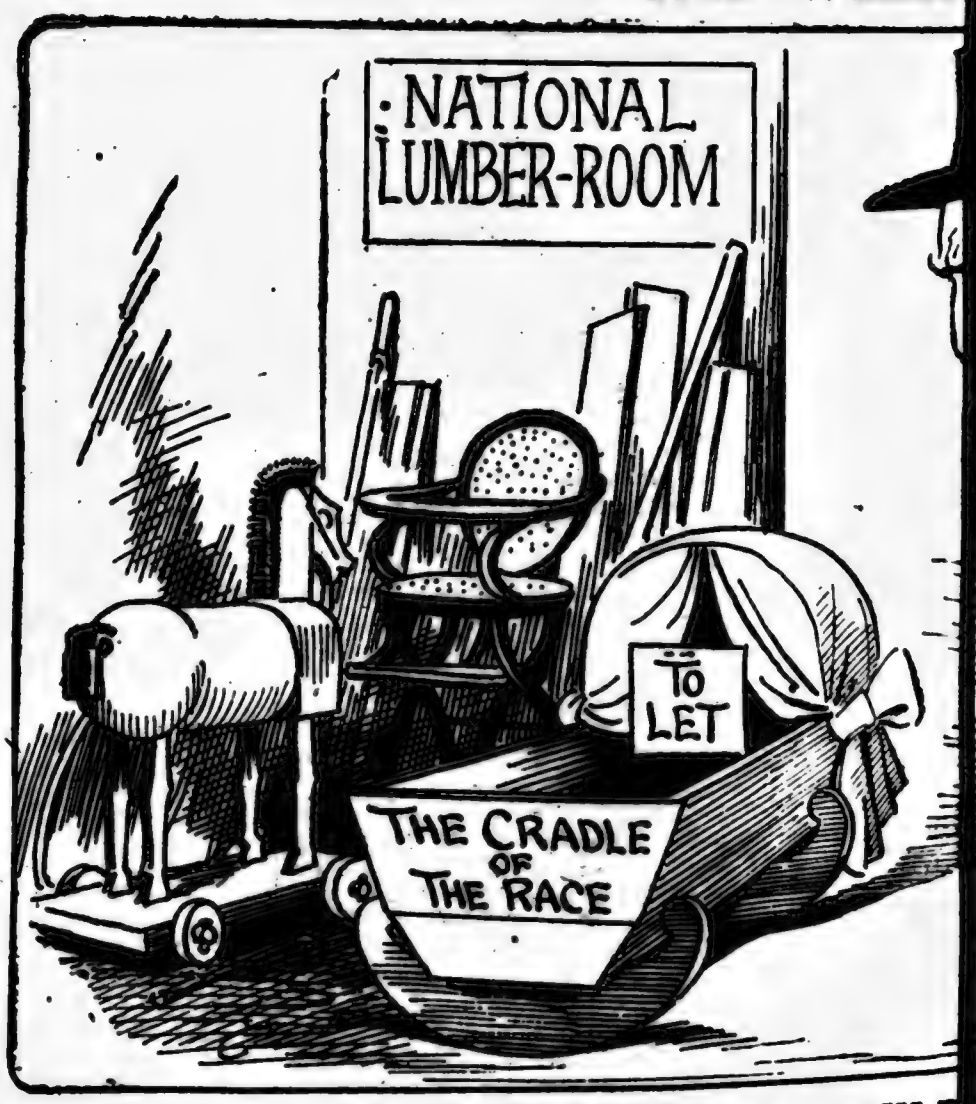
A Citizen's Appeal.

It is rather as a citizen than as a priest that I enter into this controversy. And I want to make my chief object in writing this article quite clear. It is not to exhort or advise my fellow-citizens to enter into the married state; that is a question which they must answer individually for themselves. Neither is it to advocate large families in all circumstances; for some parents either cannot or do not make provision for the support, nourishment, and education of a large family, and sometimes, through delicate health, women cannot bear or rear any more little ones. But then the restriction must be due simply to moral restraint and self-control. But my object in writing is—as a British citizen who cannot fail to recognise the gradual trend of the nation toward selfish and individualist pleasure-seeking, with a consequent appalling amount of unhappiness, resulting in great measure from the positive repudiation of marital obligations—to ask my fellow-countrymen this question: "Are the homes of England still the foundation of England's greatness, or are they being tampered with, not to say undermined, by selfishness, luxury, and sin?" But we must not put the whole blame on the individual. The Government and local authorities have certain duties which they have consistently neglected. Tenement houses built out of ratepayers' earnings ought to make provision for families, and not for married couples only. Local authorities are doing bad work for the country when they discourage—nay, disallow on their premises—the troops of little ones whom God sends to us to replace our men who have fallen in a righteous cause. The Government ought to deal with this housing problem, the incidence of which is threatening to drive the handworker to throw off "the yoke" of parentage, and to make no contribution to the common stock. If something is not done in the way of providing decent houses within the rent-reach of the urban and the rural bread-earners, the use of immoral means of birth-prevention will spread still more.

Cemeteries and Nurseries.

We shall have to make our cemeteries larger and our nurseries smaller. There will be more coffins than cradles needed in England, once known as "The Island of Ideal Homes." Abroad there is a movement to fine bachelors and to release from all taxes families with six children. There is talk, too, of planning garden cities with special provision for children. What are we at home going to get busy about with the view of encouraging child culture? At present, we are too apt to remain indifferent to these appalling social perils until they assume the most ugly and repellent form. Recently, the public conscience has been painfully shocked by the revelation that one in ten persons in our large towns is infected with acquired or congenital syphilis, and a far larger percentage than this with gonorrhœa. Behold here a home-made curse working ravages and ruin worse than the massacre of war. In

THE WEEK'S



THE CHILD

TY CRADLE.

CRNARD VAUGHAN.

one great city of the Empire, which shall be nameless, it is stated that ninety men in every hundred of middle age, who have been born and reared in that city, have had venereal disease. Is it, I ask, true that one bride in four, if her ears were quickened, might hear in the marriage bells that greet her wedding vows the death-knell of all her future happiness? Why do not parents, before allowing their daughters to become engaged, make more thorough investigation of the character of their prospective sons-in-law? If they did so, we should be spared the sight of many a procession to the strains of the bridal march from the lovely "wedding ceremony" in the church to a lifelong martyrdom in a loveless home. Alas! my voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness, because instead of thinking of an assurance of freedom from incurable diseases, parents in too many cases are occupied with the thought of the social distinction and elevation for their child.

Spirit and Flesh.

Incidentally, they fall into the most amazing fallacies. They claim that the prevention of conception is no more than a continuation of the processes of civilisation—the gradual subjection of nature to reason. But is that so? Does it not rather imply the slavish subservience of the spirit to the flesh? All deeper masculine education—not least man's education through womanly feeling—has tended to restrain the merely sensual element and to unite the brute instinct with a whole world of higher sensibilities, which veil it over and place it more or less in the mental background. But what is the part played by the artificial prevention of conception? It flings the reins of soul-control on the flanks of the steeds of passion, setting them free to go whither they will on the road to ruin. What is even worse, this evil—besides being a curse to any nation, weakening its power of production, its power of defence, its power of intelligence, and its power of enterprise and energy—is also a curse to the individual, debasing his ideals, dishonouring his body, prostituting his God-given passions to low ends; and, lastly, it is a curse to the offspring—if there be any—for its source is tainted, impoverished, exhausted. Children of such parents show a tendency to a long list of diseases. They have not the vital force to meet and throw off sicknesses to which there is a fatal predisposition. Nor are these the only considerations. As has been well pointed out, the healthiest couple would freely use preventives and the sickly couple would not—for your robust athletic woman does not want to be encumbered with children—whereas her more delicate and home-loving sister finds her best solace in them. As a fact, the development of these new doctrines is already noticeable, nor is any warning addressed to the well-to-do classes likely to succeed in throwing discredit on them. And, remember, the greatest sufferer in this misconduct will be woman, since anything which increases sexual irresponsibility in men inflicts the greater suffering on woman. What a sad story of neurosis, neurasthenia, and various forms of hysterical disease consequent upon unnatural practices one might here unfold!

The Peril to the Race.

Public opinion should not tolerate this tampering with the future healthy offspring of young men and women. Some years ago Mr. Sidney Webb took a voluntary confidential census among a class of "intellectuals," and it appeared that of 120 marriages 107 were "limited," the average number of children of each marriage being considerably under two. If this were to become the average number of children to every married couple throughout the land, France would live to write England's obituary notice, with the epitaph on her tombstone: "Died of suicidal corruption." God avert it! Illicit marital relations, which these pernicious doctrines foster, kept empty the cradles of now extinct empires. The death-rate overtook the birth-rate. Whole peoples signed their own death warrants, dooming themselves to the grave and the name of their country to infamy. And all this was bartered away for what? For indulgence in practices the mention of which would bring the blush of shame on the face of any savage in Central Africa who knows not God. I have no hesitation in expressing my solemn convictions upon this all-important theme. Some folks may express surprise that I dare to exhort people to do what I do not myself practise. They do not seem to realise that my remarks about begetting children are not even addressed to married folk indiscriminately, but to such married couples as desire to use the privileges and pleasures of wedded life.

The Sanctity of Marriage.

I have a higher view of the sanctity of marriage. These moderns, with their new-fangled doctrines concerning what they call the just and hygienic limitation of families by artificial checks, are in my judgment guilty of spreading an immoral doctrine that degrades the individual, that ignores sin, and defies God. They are endeavouring by their propaganda to bring this Christian country of ours, with its splendid traditions and with its multitudes of justice-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing citizens, to a shameful and nameless tomb. For the moment bear with me while I let loose my heart to cry out: Husbands and wives, before it is too late, let me as an Englishman who loves his country and his countryfolk lift up my voice exhorting you to remember your high mission and eternal destiny. Leave to those who care not whence they came or whither they go all such devices as illicitly check the national birth-rate. As for you, you must be the saviours of your country, redeeming it from expiring of suicidal corruption. Make your conjugal union an alliance between body and soul. And see to it, before God, that the privileges permitted to your sacred state shall be exercised not in defiance of, but in conformity with, those laws which Nature has ordained to serve as the basis of that splendid superstructure, seat of justice, home of freedom, land of fair-play—the British Empire.

K'S CARTOON.

LESS HOME.

BUMBLE THE BRIGAND.

ORPHAN GIRL BRANDED AS THIEF THROUGH CALLOUS OFFICIAL BLUNDERING.

IF there is one indictment among the many which may be brought against our present soulless Poor Law system which is calculated to stir humanity to burning indignation, it is the heartless manner in which the authorities, having once secured the guardianship of a child, fasten a grip of iron upon their helpless protégé, and continue to exercise their contaminating control absolutely regardless of the child's present welfare or future interests. In the light of what follows, to speak of such people as Guardians of the Poor is nothing but a misnomer and a mockery. Gaolers would better describe them—for, obsessed by some passion for power over their unfortunate victims, they do not hesitate to hound them out of any haven of peace and comfort which they may have found, and drag them back to the hopelessness and ignominy of pauperdom. Here is an example of the unfeeling conduct of Guardians and Poor Law officials which we have discovered in Devonshire.

Easy Prey.

Annie Woodgate is an orphan girl, now fifteen years of age, who appears to be without a single relative in the world who takes the slightest interest in her. She was formerly an inmate of the Erskine Orphan Home at Babbacombe, Torquay. Some time ago she met with an accident there, and was transferred to the Scattered Homes at Newton Abbot, under the administration of the Newton Abbot Board of Guardians. Eventually she was placed in a situation in service in that town by the Guardians, but soon found it so very uncongenial that she determined to leave it at the earliest possible moment. In her distress, the poor forlorn orphan bethought her of one of the few people who had ever shown her kindness, and, making her way to Torquay, called upon a former matron of the Erskine Orphan Home, and begged her to find her a suitable situation. This kind hearted woman lost no time in soliciting the assistance of her friends, and the girl was at once engaged to fill a vacancy on the domestic staff of a private hotel in Torquay, the proprietress and manageress of which were both very favourably impressed with her appearance. The poor girl had scarcely entered upon what promised to be a new life of hopefulness and comfort when the long, relentless arm of the Poor Law asserted itself. She commenced her duties at noon on Tuesday, March 14th. At about 4.30 p.m. the same day a policeman called at the hotel and took her into custody on a charge of stealing two handkerchiefs and a sum of money from her former employer. She was removed, weeping and protesting her innocence, only to be brought back later in the evening by the constable, who volunteered the statement that so far as the money charge was concerned she was innocent; while, as regards the two handkerchiefs, which had been returned, there was no suggestion of theft, so that there was nothing at all against her. The girl was thereupon immediately reinstated in her domestic duties. But the Poor Law was not to be so easily baulked of its prey. At an early hour on the following morning, a woman wearing the uniform of an Inspector of the Scattered Homes at Newton Abbot presented herself at the hotel, and in a very peremptory fashion demanded that the girl should immediately be handed over to her in order that she might be taken back to the Guardians. What manner of woman this Poor Law official is may be judged from the fact that she roundly accused the manageress of aiding and abetting the girl in crimes she had never committed, threatened to call in the police, and made the astonishing suggestion that the girl was not quite right in her head.

Officialdom In Excelsis.

She had previously called on the child's original benefactor, who declares that she was most insulting and rude to her when she found the girl was not at her residence, and made similar charges of aiding and abetting. Ultimately, with great reluctance, the manageress handed poor Annie Woodgate over to the custody of this domineering woman official, who started with her for Newton Abbot. The girl was parted with most regretfully, for she had even in so short a time shown every promise of being an excellent servant, and would have been given quite a good wage had she been allowed to remain. Four days later, an astonishing communication was received by the former matron of the Erskine Orphan Home from the Clerk to the Newton Abbot Guardians, stating that it had been reported to the Board that Annie Woodgate "had absconded from her situation in which she had been placed by the Guardians, where she had been guilty of theft"—a monstrous assertion in view of the police admissions—"and was afterwards found by the police to be in Torquay."

Bumble Furioso.

This was clearly a false accusation. In view of the statement made four days previously by the constable who arrested her that there was nothing against her, we have a right to know why the charge of theft was persisted in. The Clerk's letter continued: "The Guardians direct me to point out that the girl in question is a child adopted by the Guardians of the Axminster Union under the powers given them by the Poor Law Acts, 1889 and 1899, and that under these Acts any person encouraging or aiding a child to leave the situation in which she has been placed by the Guardians render themselves liable to severe penalties, and to warn you against taking any similar action in the future in respect of any girls in the Guardians' care." This may be very good law, but it is shocking humanity and a striking example of Bumbledom. A helpless orphan may be branded as a thief, hunted by the police, dragged from a good situation by a harsh official, and anyone who attempts to befriend her be threatened with severe penalties. It is about time the legend "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" was inscribed above the portals of Poor Law Institutions administered with such callous disregard for the sympathy and solicitude which even an orphan whom nobody owns has a right to expect.

TURNED ADRIFT.

A RELEASED BROADMOOR PRISONER'S DESPAIR.

There is something radically wrong in a prison system which detains a youth for over fifteen years and then turns him out into the world to fend for himself without making any attempt to secure him useful employment. This is apparently what happened in the case of George Scott Burrows, who last week pleaded guilty to a charge of attempted suicide after having been found in the Southend Public Baths with his throat cut. At the age of fifteen, he was convicted at Northampton Assizes of the murder of his sister, and was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure. He remained at Broadmoor until 1920, when he was released, being then just over thirty years of age. When it is remembered that he had known nothing of the outer world since boyhood, it can readily be imagined how bewildered he must have been when thrown on his own resources. The Medical Officer of Brixton Prison stated that when he was admitted there after his attempt to commit suicide he was suffering from marked depression, which could be attributed to his having been released from the regular employment which he had had at Broadmoor. He has now been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for his despairing attempt to get out of an inhospitable world. It is to be hoped that at the end of that time his future will not again be left to chance.

TEA AND TRICKERY.

PATIENT CUSTOMERS IN LAND OF HOPE.

We have lost count of the number of times we have warned our readers against building fond hopes on the promises of touts who secure orders for tea by holding out to their customers prospects of handsome cash prizes. Some concerns, however, still seem to be thriving on these disreputable business methods. Among them is the Public Benefit Tea Company (Proprietor: M. Ralph), which operates largely in the Bristol district. Last July a representative of this concern called upon a Brislington reader and told her that if she bought nine shillings' worth of tea there and then, and three shillings and twopence worth every week, she would become entitled to a cash gift of £6 in fourteen weeks time. Somewhat credulously, she fell into the trap so temptingly baited—but there was no sign of the cash gift at the end of the period named. Still hoping, she has continued to purchase the tea up till now, but we fear she will have to exercise a great deal more patience before she gets the money. It is utterly ridiculous for the concern to say on their handbills that their agents are not authorised to state any definite time when the cash gifts will be paid. They must be fully aware that it is a common practice of their canvassers, and we doubt whether they could resist a legal claim where it can be proved that their agent has given a specific undertaking.

THE VALUE OF OUR GUARANTEE.

SOME INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

An instructive letter from Bolsom Brothers appears in a panel on page 3. It not only shows that our readers appreciate the goods which this firm offers, but that they know they are safe when dealing with John Bull advertisers. Messrs. Bolsom's advertisement appears on page 19, and our guarantee on page 17.

Our remarks regarding the good value offered by S. A. Barry & Co. have caused several readers to write us expressing their pleasure with this firm's service. Naturally, "If you see it in John Bull it is so."

The Wesleyan and General Assurance Society have paid over eleven million pounds since they were established in 1841, and their Report for the year 1921, which appears in this issue, makes very interesting reading.

Since the *Lancet* recommended the Brooks Appliance thousands of the public have obtained relief with its aid, whilst during the war many of our best-known officers used the apparatus. The firm offer their illustrated book and full information free. Sufferers should fill in the coupon on our back page.

The Government Surplus Stores, of Manchester, send a complete carpenter's outfit of tools for 75s., carriage paid. They are excellent value—every article being of the finest quality and made by leading manufacturers.

The Toblerone chocolate people advertise a competition with very large money prizes.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" are on page 13, and in addition to these there are many other interesting announcements.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!"

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

8/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

SPARE-TIME Money.—For a straightforward generous offer (men, all towns, U.K.), write Box J. B., c/o Dawsons, 121, Cannon St., E.C.4.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men interested in Sport preferred. Good commission.—Apply, Lonsdale & Son (Dept. 4), 10, Welbeck St., Hull.

STERLING SILVER "Everedi" Patent Pencils. Refills in magazine; eraser; pocket clip; British; dependable. 7/6, post free.—Lela et Cie, Seventeen, Easy Row, Birmingham.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child).—Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free. — BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763F.), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SPENCER ACTIVITIES.—Waterproof Sheeting, 2/6 per yard, 42 in. wide. For any purpose where an absolutely water or gas-proof material is required. Toy Balloons: The best advertising medium. The buyer advertises your goods; pre-war price, from 12/- gross. Rick Covers, Motor Sheets, absolutely watertight, 20 ft. by 20 ft., £4 10s. each; 15 ft. by 12 ft., £3 each, cash.—C. G. Spencer and Sons, Ltd., 56a, Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GREGG SHORTHAND is easy to learn, write and read. Send 3d. stamps for free Bklts.—The Gregg Publishing Company, 7, Garrick Street, London, W.C.2.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

EASTER TOY for Girl or Boy. "The Silvaphone." An out or indoor Toy Telephone. 2/-, post free.—Silvaphone, 20, Clifton Street, E.C.2.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLES

reach the highest point of all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer. Light, graceful, and easy running. Warranted for 10 years.

15/- WITH ORDER

DELIVERED carriage paid to all approved orders for 15/- with order. Balance in 12 monthly payments of 15/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

SPECIFICATION: Reynolds' Weldless Steel Tubing, Roller Lever Brakes, Elite Wheels, Genuine Clincher A-Wee Tyres, Brampton's Sheffield Steel Hubs, B.S.A. or Villiers Precision Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Coventry Three Speed Chain, Hoffmann's Steel Balls, Spiral Spring Sharpnose Cradle Saddle. Price £5 : 15 : 0

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Graves World's Best Cycles, including three-speed Sturmey Models, all at keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

PROOF INCONTESTABLE AS TO THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE

BARRY SERVICE

"JOHN BULL" readers will be familiar with the announcements of the BARRY SERVICE OF TAILORING MADE FROM TIME TO TIME IN THE COLUMNS OF THIS JOURNAL. DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS WE HAVE NATURALLY BEEN FAVOURED WITH A NUMBER OF ORDERS. WE GIVE A LIST OF SOME OF THESE, BUT WE ALSO GIVE SOMETHING MORE. READERS WILL OBSERVE THREE STARS AGAINST THE GREATER MAJORITY OF THESE NAMES. These stars indicate that we hold a written testimonial of appreciation from each client so starred. We would remind those clients not starred that our guarantee of satisfaction still obtains—that if they are not satisfied they have only to return the goods, when we will refund not only the amount of their purchase, but 2/6 over and above, to compensate them for loss of time.

LIST OF CLIENTS.

Those starred have already actually sent us expressions of unqualified approval.

All These GENTLEMEN ORDERED on our UNFAILING SELF-MEASURE CHART.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*** R. F. Adams	1	15	6	*** J. E. Cooper	3	10	0	*** F. Fanner ...	3	0	0
H. Allsopp	2	2	6	*** C. Curnow ...	5	5	0	W.K.Fleming	3	0	0
*** F. Allen ...	3	3	6	F. Coates ...	4	12	0	A. Foot ...	3	10	0
*** A.A.Bushnell	5	5	0	H. Cady. ...	1	1	6	*** E.A. Gosling	3	10	0
*** B. R. Byrne	3	0	0	*** R. Daniels ...	4	19	0	*** T. Growcott	4	5	0
*** J. P. Baker...	3	0	0	*** G. A. Dossett	1	16	0	*** W. F. Goose	4	9	0
*** H. Brown ...	4	10	0	*** A. W. Edney	1	15	6	*** A. W. Goose	5	5	0
*** J. Barker ...	3	10	0	*** W. Donnan	3	10	0	*** F. Gudgin ...	3	18	6
*** A. Bromley	1	10	0	*** W. J. Davies	2	8	6	*** J. Gibson ...	3	10	0
H. Barnes ...	3	0	0	*** T. Davey ...	3	18	0	*** C. H. Hunt	3	10	0
*** F. Bedford ...	7	0	0	*** W. Dawkins	1	10	0	*** G. Heath ...	5	5	0
*** A. Bailey ...	3	10	0	*** F. Daborn ...	3	10	0	*** P. Hewitt ...	3	5	0
*** N. Booth ...	3	0	0	*** J. Doyle ...	3	10	0	*** E. J. Hobson	3	0	0
*** J. Baxter ...	5	5	0	*** R. Distin ...	6	10	0	*** S. Herbert ...	1	10	0
*** T. H. Ball ...	4	7	0	*** P. Durrent ...	3	10	0	*** F. P. Hooper	5	5	0
*** J. Blunt ...	2	19	0	S. Davis ...	3	10	0	*** E. Horsman	3	10	0
*** E. Burford ...	4	10	0	C.V.Downing	3	10	0	*** C. Horton ...	3	10	0
*** J. Chapman	4	11	6	J. H. Ellis ...	5	5	0	*** D. S. Hood ...	3	19	0
*** J. Chiffer ...	4	10	0	*** F. Elston ...	6	15	0	G. Howell ...	3	17	0
*** F.L.Chapman	2	10	0	*** J. Eales ...	3	0	0	C. Hickman	3	0	0
*** L. G. Clare ...	3	10	0	*** P. Finden ...	3	3	6	*** J. W. James	6	0	0
*** H.H.Cocking	3	10	0	*** F. J. Frost ...	5	15	0	*** H. P. Kirby	5	11	6
*** J.W. Cosford	3	0	0	*** W. Frear ...	1	10	0				

We could quadruple this List by going right through the Alphabet—but lack of space prevents us.

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate.

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure
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The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
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Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

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(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD
The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

7/6 with order

Service Comprises:
12 pr Carvers 12 Table Spoons
12 Tea Knives 1 Jam Spoon
12 Table Forks 1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Knives 1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks 1 pr Sugar Tongs
6 Dessert Spoons Price
6 Tea Spoons without 90/-
6 Egg Spoons case

The KNIVES are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorette handles. Carver Blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel 9½ in. long, curved. Forks & Spoons are Colombian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

CATALOGUE of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (Stainless Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

You CAN remove that pain!

The relief given by "ODDS ON" Oils in ALL cases of Rheumatic Muscular and Nervous pains is remarkable. "ODDS ON" Oils are soothing, searching, warming, comforting. They get down to *the root of the trouble* and stop the pain at once. You NEED NOT suffer pain—you CAN remove the torture from your days, and have nights of peaceful sleep. You CAN!—surely, positively—if you will use "ODDS ON" Oils. "ODDS ON" Oils are invaluable for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc.,—they are just as effective in cases of cold on the chest, sprains, bruises and all such painful troubles. "ODDS ON!" the pure oil liniment is a boon and a blessing—it removes the CAUSE of the pain, reduces swelling, it soothes and brings instant ease and comfort. Send for a FREE SAMPLE Bottle to-day. Don't be sceptical until you have *tried* "ODDS ON," as that one trial will convince you beyond all doubt.

All Chemists and Stores 1/3d. & 2/-.

Testimonial.
A chronic sufferer, aided by hot fomentations and hot water bottle, found your Liniment do what two injections of Morphia had failed to do.

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the System that succeeds where others fail. Easy, quick, and certain. The World's Champion Shorthand Writer uses 'Gregg.'
Send 2d. stamp for FREE Booklets and first two lessons.
The Gregg Publishing Co., 7, Garrick St., London, W.C.2.

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied.*"—JOHN BULL,, 19*th August*, 1916.

Canteens and Kiddies:—When the United Service Fund was formed to distribute the tremendous profits of war canteens, one of the schemes published broadcast by the administration was to give assistance in the education of ex-soldiers' children of exceptional ability. How many youngsters have had educational benefit from the Fund, we should like to know, and if any, what is the character of the proof of exceptional ability officially demanded? A Service correspondent tells us that there is no wool in his ears, yet he has never heard of a single child being assisted.

Penalised Unfairly.:—Because a soldier in the Dragoon Guards, stationed at Edinburgh, outstayed his leave—granted him for the purpose of getting married—by 12 hours, he was charged at Kingston with being an absentee. On it being stated that an escort was on its way to conduct him back, the Chairman of the Bench, rightly characterising as absurd the farce of sending two men 800 miles for this purpose, remanded him to await their arrival. But the crux of it is that the cost, £15, will fall on the unfortunate soldier—a penalty which is manifestly both uncalled for and unfair.

Insulting the Army:—It is strong evidence of the ubiquity of JOHN BULL that we have received from a rifleman of the 4th K.R.R.C., attached to headquarters, Baulchistan District, Quetta, a vigorous protest against a circular being distributed among British soldiers by the Soberine Manufacturing Co., Chhachhi Lane, Rawalpindi, headed "A Boon for the Soldiers." The stuff is alleged to neutralise the effects of alcohol, and our correspondent regards the circular as a monstrous insult to British soldiers. "I suppose," he says, "the wording is that of some dirty native of the Ghandi species." We will let it go at that.

Heroes in Asylums:—It is grievous to learn that the number of ex-Service men mentally afflicted and confined in Asylums is still on the increase—being 4,991 last January as against 4,633 a year before. The fact provides another reason why the present Inquiry into the whole matter of the treatment of patients in Asylums should be as searching and as public as possible.

Sixty Pounds among Sixty-Three:—Ex-Service men were engaged by the Unemployment Grant Committee at Stornaway to construct a new road one mile long, for which work they were promised the sum of £400 on completion. After working fifteen days, by which time the job was more than half finished, it was stopped on the ground that it was not satisfactory. Payment of the sum of £60 was then made, for division amongst 63 men—which amount, after deducting cost of cartage, worked out at 3½d. per hour. And the same Committee seem to see no incongruity or injustice in granting £1,070 for a new recreation ground.

Yarmouth Mustard:—Ex-Service men everywhere will hear with satisfaction that Sir Ian Hamilton is as hot stuff in peace as he is in war. He was on the stump in Great Yarmouth the other day for the British Legion, and, bless you, he did throw the cruet. Members of the Legion must get solidly together as a shock battalion, something to shock the politicians, he declared. We "can make any politician of any colour toe the line as soon as we can manœuvre several million votes on any particular battleground." All through the speech was a fine call to battle with united front for the fulfilment of broken promises.

A Pauper Person:—The burden of ill-health, and the hopeless task of trying to keep himself, a wife and four children on a pension of £1 0s. 9d., proved too much for Joseph Allen, a disabled ex-soldier of Edinburgh, and the unhappy man concluded the long struggle by suicide. Well might the Coroner wax sarcastic on the "gratitude" of the broken man's reward—3s. 4½d. per week per member of the family! In addition, which was more helpful in present distress, he sent the widow £5 from the poor-box.

"Disabled Men First":—That's the right slogan to be acted on in a 'bus or tube tussle, or at the gate of a football ground, but the manner in which it is adopted and interpreted by the Army Ordnance Department at Woolwich is all wrong. They are discharging disabled men first, and by the score—over sixty were sacked within ten days from the Royal Dockyard alone. It is gross and callous injustice and ingratitude to the men who suffered and sacrificed most in the War. We wonder how many "Conchies" are retained in Government services.

A Khartoum Kick:—The old 54th Foot, in Khartoum, tell us that they are suffering from more things than the Soudan climate—and insects. Big sentences for small "crimes" appear to be the order of the day, and somebody in authority evidently views the "breaking" of non-commissioned officers with a lightheartedness that we do not like. We trust that by the time the mail carrying this paragraph arrives in Khartoum, matters will have mended.

British Tommies "Licensed Thieves"!:—The Chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, having possibly lived a long way from the danger areas, and, in any case, possessing a very short memory, might well withdraw an insulting reference to discharged soldiers. There are black sheep in every flock, but the majority of ex-Service men ill deserve the taunt that "they fought well, but seemed to think they were licensed to take property as they took it in the war!" As a matter of fact, no troops in the world compare with the British soldier for generally refraining from looting, and this undiscerning Magistrate ought to know.

Chatham's Choice:—Lord Kitchener of glorious memory was a great practical soldier, and it is in the true spirit of the man that those responsible for the Lord Kitchener War Memorial in Chatham have decided that it shall take the form of four cottages for disabled sailors and soldiers. What more appropriate than that a war memorial to the brave dead should shelter the shattered living.

Jack's Railway Fares:—Jack feels keenly the hardship of having to pay full fares to his home when on leave. Where the distance is great it just means that he has to forgo the pleasure of a reunion with the family. As far back as [illegible] the late Lord Beresford suggested, as a way out, that one penny per week should be contributed by every man into a Sailors' Railway Fund, to be paid out to the Railway Companies and [illegible] according to the number of ratings travelling. This idea, which was in every way practicable and generally approved by the men, did not, for some reason or other, materialise. But, put into practice, such a scheme would prove a great help to Jack and earn his eternal gratitude.

"How Long, O! Lord?":—Last year an Act was passed making legal marriage with a deceased husband's brother, and the measure was retrospective. Very many war widows contracted such marriages, and were counted by the Pensions Ministry as moral outcasts. The Act of Parliament alters all that, and the war widows mentioned are entitled to their one year's pension on re-marrying; but we find at this late hour that some of them are still whistling for their money. Probably the h'ming and hawing of the Pensions Officials make for the retention of the limpets who are sucking the blood out of the taxpayer. By the way, should it be the "limpet" or "vampire"?

The Way in India:—A squad of Shropshires left Deolali for Bombay, and were packed into a small overcrowded railway carriage intended for natives, the compartment being swarming with bugs. The Railway Transport Officer, we are told, laughed at the men when they made complaint; but, all the same, when Bombay was reached the soldiers were "alive." We have "King's Regs.," medical instructions, and all kinds of Orders for the preservation of Tommy's health in India—sometimes treated as scraps of paper. The responsible official attitude too often is "You be dammed. I've no time to think of you. I'm going over to the club for a brandy pani."

Our Daily "Thank You":—From J. S., Glasgow:—"You have placed me under a life obligation, and I shall never forget it or fail to tell others about your immediate and generous reply to my cry for help. What magic did you conjure to induce such sudden and belated energy on the part of the Ministry?"

An Easter Gift for YOU.

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

Readers are reminded that

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON

(Value One Shilling)

IS AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL APRIL 18th.

SEND TO-DAY TO

The Manager, Pen Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIST OF MODELS.

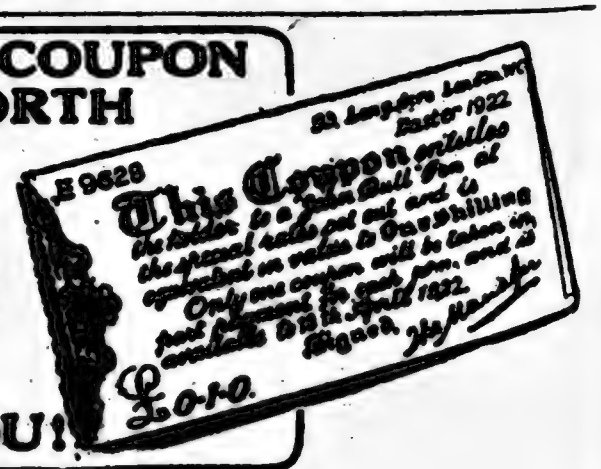
		With Gift Coupon
No. 1	"Standard" Model Price 3/-	2/-
No. 2	"De Luxe" Model Price 4/3	3/3
No. 3	"Safety" Model Price 7/-	6/-
No. 4	Lever "Self-Filling" Model. Price 8/9	7/9
	See Special Offer on Page ii. of Cover.	
No. 5	"Stylo" Model Price 3/6	2/6

Pocket Clip to fit any Model, 2d. Postage 2d. extra on each Pen. NOTE: Please state whether broad, medium or fine nibs required. This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only. All "JOHN BULL" Pens are fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nibs. Iridium-tipped 6 are guaranteed.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH

1/-

TO YOU!



TURN TO PAGE iii. OF COVER FOR OUR SPECIAL EASTER OFFER.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN."

DRAMA OF BROTHERS AT "THE WORLD'S END."

The World's End Isolation Hospital at Winchmore Hill appears to be appropriately named, if we may judge by the experience of two little boys in that institution during the recent epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever in the Enfield and Edmonton district. Little Johnnie Anderson, aged ten, was one of two surviving triplets in a large family. He returned home from school one evening complaining of feeling sick, and was taken the following morning to the family doctor, who diagnosed diphtheria and ordered him to be removed to the hospital. A few days later, to the distress of the mother but the delight of Johnnie, his triplet brother Cecil, who was his inseparable playmate, was admitted suffering with the same complaint and placed in a cot opposite his brother. The tragedy which followed a week later is best related in the words of Cecil. He says, "On the Saturday morning, just before breakfast, Johnnie kept calling out for the nurse, who did not come, or take any notice of him. I said, 'What is the matter, Johnnie?' and he said he wanted to use the bottle badly. I shouted to the nurse, too, but she didn't bring it, and Johnnie got up to get it himself and fell out of bed. He was on the floor a long time crying, and then the nurse came and put him back to bed, and said he was a naughty boy to have got out. Then they came and put a big screen round his bed, and another boy told me Johnnie was dead." There seems little doubt that poor Johnnie attempted to get out of bed in dread of being punished, and the certified cause of death, "Cardiac heart failure following diphtheria," is traceable to his fall. Yet when the parents ask for an interview with the Board for an explanation of all the circumstances, they are told no good purpose can be served thereby!

PUFFED OUT PUFF TOUTS.

STRAND SLAVE-DRIVERS' STRIKE A SNAG.

In a recent issue we exposed the impudent attempt at exploitation of journalistic labour which was being made by Hogg and Knight, Limited, the Strand slave-drivers who had the audacity to offer applicants for work the magnificent remuneration of 4s. for a puff article of 1,000 words. Our readers will be interested to learn of the pretty scheme by which they proposed to profit at the expense of their dupes. A short time ago they addressed a letter, full of high-falutin, to a well-known Newcastle firm announcing that they proposed to publish in an early issue of *Industrial Britain* an article upon Tyneside as an industrial centre, and asking whether the firm would like an account of its activities included. This was followed by a letter thanking them for the courtesy extended to their representative on the occasion of his visit—as a matter of fact, he was bluntly informed there was nothing doing!—and suggesting that the article would be much improved by illustration. Then came the pitfall so carefully prepared. A further letter explained that in order to cover expense the firm would be expected to purchase the photographic blocks at a cost of 2s. a square inch—which is just about double the price usually charged for the very highest class of work of this nature. Scenting the trap, the Novocastrians asked for a statement of the circulation of this unknown periodical, but could get nothing more definite than that it had a pretty wide distribution, as copies were sent each month to Chambers of Commerce all over the world. So, from being puffed up, Hogg and Knight promptly found themselves puffed out. Although the dodge may be new to the present generation, it is, in fact, an old one—presumably Hogg and Knight think that it has been forgotten, and may, therefore, safely be revived.

THE BULLY OF BRIGHTON.

JASPER LEONARD NEALE AND HIS METHODS.

If we have not recently referred to Jasper Leonard Neale, the Brighton rent-collector, it is not because his methods have improved. He recently summoned an unfortunate tenant. The amount was paid direct to the landlord by the Ray of Sunshine Fund, a local organisation which relieves necessitous ex-Service men. Neale thereupon wrote to the Honorary Secretary of the Fund a disgraceful letter in which he made the monstrous suggestion that the tenant had thrown a cloud of dust in the Secretary's eyes, with a subtle innuendo that his means were greater than he admitted. In another case, Neale's victim is an old soldier, with a wife and eight children. The poor fellow's face is drawn and pinched with pain, and his conversation is punctuated by spasmodic fits of coughing, accompanied by the blood-stains that tell of the ravages of consumption. Five of his children are under fourteen, and the remaining three are all out of work. The total income of the family is £2 12s. 8d. a week—a pension of £1 2s. 8d. and £1 10s. Parish relief. In such circumstances, the rent has naturally got into arrears. Last September £11 14s. 3d. was owing, but the poor old soldier managed to borrow £9 10s. from the S. & S. F.A. to reduce it. Again in December, when £11 5s. 7d. was owing, he managed to reduce it by £5 10s. borrowed from the same source. A few weeks ago the rent was again £8 4s. in arrears, and Neale obtained an Order for eviction within twenty-eight days. We are informed that in this case the landlord on whose behalf Neale is acting is none other than Sir Oswald Stoll, who we are certain will be the last person to countenance the harsh methods of this notorious bully, now that they have been brought to his knowledge.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841. INCORPORATED 1914.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: BIRMINGHAM.

SUMMARY OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1921.

The amount assured under new policies issued was **£3,255,533.**

The total income from Premiums and Interest was **£1,648,650,** showing an increase of **£100,349.**

The Assets at the end of the year amounted to **£4,509,922.**

The Claims, including Surrenders, paid amounted to **£580,188,** making a total of over ELEVEN MILLION POUNDS paid since the establishment of the Society.

The Valuation disclosed a surplus in each Department, and a Reversionary Bonus at the rate of **£1 4s.** per cent. is added to all with-profit policies in the Ordinary Department.

THE FULL REPORT AND PROSPECTUS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.

B. SHIRLEY SMITH,
CHAIRMAN.

ARTHUR L. HUNT, F.S.S., F.C.I.I.,
GENERAL MANAGER.

£1,045 IN PRIZES.

BEAT YOURSELF

1ST PRIZE £100

by thinking of another simple sentence better than your previous "best," now that the closing date of the Great

TOBLERONE CHOCOLATE SLOGAN COMPETITION

has been EXTENDED TO MAY 31st NEXT (By request of the Colonies and Health resorts). Leaflets with Confectioners—but if you have not tried before, all you have to do is to write a Slogan or simple sentence—such as: "TOBLERONE, Switzerland's OWN" on the inside of the wrapper (together with your name and address) and post to:

CHOCOLAT TOBLER, Ltd. BOLTON ST., LIVERPOOL.

If in any difficulty, send 10d. to us

TRY YOUR LUCK, FOR A SIMPLE THOUGHT MAY WIN YOU £100.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

COLONEL JOHN WARD, M.P.

(Our Tame Barber "says a few words" to the Navvies' M.P. in regard to his recent disclosures in the House of Commons.)

"GOO' arfternoon, sir. Wot can I . . . . *Shavin'?* Thank you. No; *this* chair, if you don't mind, sir. . . . . Thank you, sir. *Too much o' the "sir,"* sir? I dunno! I'm nacherally on the weak side, an' w'en I'm impressed by a man's personality I likes to treat 'im accordin'! Your face seems familiar, some-'ow. Lemme see, now—'aven't I seen you in uniform at some time? . . . *Very likely?* Ah, I thought so. Well, do you mind givin' yerself a name, sir? . . . *Ward?* I've got yer—Colonel John Ward, M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent! It's all come back to me now. Pleased to see you, sir. . . .

• • •

I noticed wot you was sayin' in the 'Ouse the other day, Colonel, w'en General Seely sed you reminded 'im of Noah comin' out of the Ark. Silly thing to say, to my mind. You was advocatin' that the Air Force should come under the Wore Office, an' from one point o' view p'raps you were right. Unity o' command is the thing to aim at in wore, no doubt, provided you've got a capable command. But you rawther took the wind out of your own sails later on in the debate w'en you described 'ow some o' the ole fossils at the Wore Office would 'ave stopped your Army career if you 'adn't 'appened to be a public man with a constituency be'ind you and a Cabinet anxious not to offend a Coalition Member. I don't doubt wot you sed. It reminds me o' a story. At dinner the Colonel of a crack regiment, wot 'adn't arf bin bendin' 'is elbow, fixed on a young sub., an' arsked 'im in a loud voice, in front of all 'is brother-officers: "Wot was your fawther, Mr. So-an'-So?" Course, the youngster blushed—an' sed: "My father was Mr. So-an'-So, the well-known 'olesale ironmonger." "Hum!" roars the Colonel, "Ironmonger, eh? Pity 'e didn't make *you* one!" Narsty way to put it, minjer. But that youngster'd got a bit o' the Midlands in 'im, an' wasn't goin' to take a insult like thet lyin' down. So arfter a minute or two, w'en the sarcastic sniggers 'ad died down, 'e sed: "Excuse me, sir, but may I ask wot was *your* father?" "*My* father, sir," roared the Colonel, "was a gentleman, sir!" "Hum," ses the youngster, "pity 'e didn't make *you* one!" Course, life wasn't worth livin' for 'im in the mess arfter thet, but 'e transferred an' made good. . . .

• • •

But the ole Army orfficers ain't all snobs like thet, sir. I 'eard o' one wot was in command of a infantry reg'ment. In one o' the platoons was one o' the most troublesome blokes you could 'ope to meet. 'E was for everlarstin' bein' "run" for somethink, until the Colonel got tired o' seein' 'is face. So 'e arsked the platoon commander wot 'e thought was the best thing to do with 'is nibs. "Give 'im a stripe," ses the Loot. "Wot?" roars the Colonel, "give thet scallywag a stripe?" Any'ow, 'e was persuaded to; and thet bloke, a ex-burglar, become one o' the best N.C.O.s in the regiment. Responsibility—thet's wot 'e wanted. . . . Well, goo' day, sir. . . . Much obliged, I'm shore. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Evening News":—"About 75 per cent. of my prophecies have been correct, and a greater percentage nearly correct."

"Daily Telegraph" (advertisement):—"Live and Dead Farming Stock, including . . . Shorthand Bull."

"Dermy and Chesterfield Reporter":—"She saw the man, with his eyes tied behind his back."

"Children's Newspaper":—"A coal-heaver can carry a sack of coal weighing two hundredweights, or about twenty times his own weight."

"Boys' Cinema":—"Their piles of soft eggs are eagerly looked for, as they make a nasty meal."

"Southern Daily Echo" (advertisement):—"The Committee of Visitors invite Tenders for the Supply of a new good sound second-hand Two-Ton Horse Roller."

"Daily Record and Mail":—"Many blouses . . . are finished at the hips with turned-back cuffs of embroidered or plain tissue."

"Boys' Friend":—"Dick . . . laughed aloud with the thrill of the experience; only it was silent laughter."

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 24.

One of the matches, Merthyr v. Southampton, was not played, because of bad weather. The following five competitors sent correct forecasts of the remaining nine fixtures, and therefore share the prize of £300, each receiving £60:—

Davies, J., c.o. McNeil, 94, Eaglesham Street, Glasgow, S.S.; Lewis, J., "Churchway," Sutton, Hereford; Sairgeur, H. W., 17, Fawcett Street, London, S.W. 10; Shaw, A., 50, Pyrland Road, Highbury, N.; Smyth, J., 18, St. Mary's Road, Lower Edmonton.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Watching the Spectre of Starvation: — An ex-soldier has been in bed ill for quite a time. From his uneasy couch he watched his wife and children starving and shivering with the cold, no food or coal being available until we heard of the case. The woman and her baby are also under the doctor.

A Bad Case:—Bad indeed, but unfortunately very common, was the state of another home we called at. The husband, spent in the war, had failed to find work for fifteen months; the wife was in bed ill, and the three children were in rags, the youngsters being wan, sick and extremely delicate. Here again the pawnbroker had most of the goods under lock and key.

Sad, but Common:—Having been twelve months out of work, a man saw his wife taken to the lunatic asylum as the result of influenza and worry. He placed his two children in a rescue-home and went out into the wilderness to find work—with our help.

Rather Hard:—A man gave up a good job to join to fight the Hun. He was discharged and started a small business for himself. His little venture crashed, and now he is down and out. No dole, no help whatever, and the valuable part of his home, his tools, and his wife's wedding-ring in pawn.

WIDOWED BY THE WAR.

Many are the cases of destitute war widows which come to our notice, and each seems more poignant than the last. Take that of Mrs. Mark Hyams, whose husband was a private in the East Surrey Regiment. For 104 days he was in the thick of the fierce fighting of the Mons retreat and the stand for Ypres, and scarcely removed his clothes for four months on end. In November, 1914, he was badly hit by shrapnel, and a long series of operations in different hospitals followed, until he was discharged as unfit in March, 1916. He was given a pension of 15s. 9d. a week, and, aided by his wife, resumed his old business of marine store dealer. By 1919, though he was then only 33 years of age, it was evident that he was a dying man, and he was certified by the Marylebone Tuberculosis Officer to be suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis due to or aggravated by his war service. On New Year's Day, 1920, Mrs. Hyams found herself a widow with four children. The local Pensions Committee awarded her a temporary pension for four months, but refused her appeal for a permanent one.

This Way to the Workhouse!

The little business then went wrong, and the widow was soon in a state of destitution. She applied to the Relieving Officer for assistance. The form his help took was to remove her four children and place them in a Poor Law institution. The sadness of her present circumstances is accentuated by the action of the Ministry of Pensions in refusing the poor woman a pension on the ground that her breadwinner's death was not accelerated by his war service!

MORE CASES HELPED.

"God's Sparrows":—They drift up to London looking for work—single men and married men. The latter "leave their little things behind them." God help them! They come to us asking for *your* help, and they get it through us so far as we can afford. What about the "missus an' the kid" left behind in the country town without means? Will you help us to give the assistance asked for?

The City of Dreadful Night:— These poor hopeful fellows discover that London has its own hordes of unemployed, and often soon find themselves sleeping on the Embankment or in the parks. Wretched, hungry and distraught, they dream in their uneasy sleep, if they sleep at all, of the loved and distressed ones, including the little lisping wondering starvelings, left behind. Will you please think of them, and help us to give them comfort?

WITH MANY THANKS.

A. R. O. (Bordighera), £10; N. W. (Stepney), 5s.; W. R. M. (Llanelly), 4s. 6d.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; B. P. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; M. F. H. (Liscard), 2s. 6d.; "Frank's Kiddie" (Wakefield), 2s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; T. L. I. (Malton), 1s.; J. C. (Cheshire), 1s; T. M. (Cornwall), 1s.; "A Friend," 1s. C. R. V. (Bishop Auckland), 1s. 10d.; S. E. M. (Manchester), 5s.; M. F. B., 3s.; F. J. B. (Norbury), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Maggie," 2s. 6d.; Miss. B. N. M. (Cheddleton), 2s.; W. O., 1s. 6d.; C. B. (New Southgate), 1s.; M. N., 6d.; A. E. G., 1s.; Miss M. (Sunderland), 6d.; G. M. C. (Tonypandy), £2; "A Regular Reader" (Bletchley), £1 1s.; E. M. (Rhodesia), 5s.; J. W. T. (Peckham), 5s.; B. J. E. (Kobe?), 5s.; W. G. U. (Alberta), 1s. 6d.; A. L. B. (Walthamstow), 2s.; C. M. (S.W. 4.), 1s.; M. S. (Almirie), parcel; P. L., parcel; "An ex-Soldier in Work," parcel.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

If your landlord is a tyrant—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader has those just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any bona fide advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Enjoy your Easter—

on a cycle fitted with tyres from the

DUNLOP RANGE

	Wired-on cover	Beaded edge cover	Tube
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
DUNLOP MAGNUM	18 6	20 0	6 3
DUNLOP ROADSTER	15 0	16 6	5 3
WARWICK ROADSTER	13 0	14 6	4 6
CAMBRIDGE ROADSTER	11 6	13 0	4 0
EDINBURGH ROADSTER	10 6	12 0	4 0
PERICLES ROADSTER	8 6	10 0	3 6

which provides the best tyre it is possible to buy at the price you wish to pay.

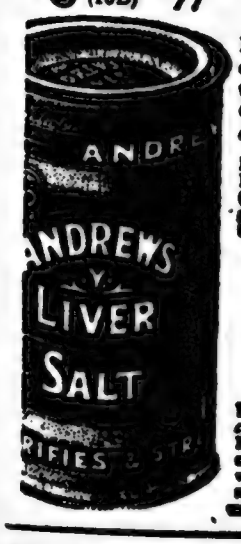
Dunlop tyres mean trouble-free tours.

DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES
obtainable from all cycle dealers.

The Right way to greet the march of Spring

With the keen zest of well-being—head held high to the breeze—the *only* way to greet the advancing year. How to acquire this inward glow with its healthy outlook? Just give Nature a timely helping hand.

(10B)



In thousands of homes, where morning brings the smiling beginning of another cheery day, Andrews' Liver Salt is *the only corrective* taken, or needed, the whole year round. Father, Mother, and the Children can take Andrews' and experience a healthy sense of freedom from the dark moods that follow the neglect of Nature.

Keeping well is easy enough if, when Nature signals for a little help, you take (or give) a teaspoonful of Andrews' in a glass of water. In the early morning is the best time to take (or give) Andrews'.

Used two or three mornings running, when necessary, the large tin will last *the average family* in the region of a month, costing, at the current reduced price, about a half-penny *per* day.

10d. *USUAL (4-oz. Net) SIZE* *FAMILY (8-oz. Net) SIZE* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers & Stores throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:—
SCOTT & TURNER, LTD., Manufacturers,
Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Save your Andrews' Lids.

For 12 small or 6 large Andrews' lids you can get, *free of any charge*, the Andrews' combined Tooth Brush, Lid Opener, Scoop-measure and Stirrer; the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case (complete with re-fills); the Andrews' Fountain Pen; or the Andrews' pen-knife. Send lids, with your name and address distinctly written, on or before May 31st next, indicating *which* one of these four Gifts you need, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE.
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543

Assets Exceed -	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£450,000
Claims Paid Exceed -	£1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed	£2,250,000

Managing Director,
EONARD ALDRIDGE.

GRAVES

COMPLETE SERVICE OF GENUINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE.

delivered to all approved orders for £5- with order. Balance in 12 monthly payments of £5- if satisfied. If not satisfied if disappointed. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salad Spoon, 1 Butter Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, every Article Treble Sheffield Spoons and Forks of Colombian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER.

CICFA restores DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble.

READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of face.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS
in Stomach in Bowel

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited:—

Merion House, Newmarket.
March 31st, 1921.

"Dear Sirs,—I must really congratulate you upon your marvellous Cicfa, which, as a remedy for Indigestion, stands alone.

I have been a chronic sufferer for years, during which period I have tried practically everything obtainable, but beyond getting a little relief for an occasional hour or so, I experienced no appreciable results until I was advised by a friend to give your preparation a trial.

This I did, and the first 1/3 tube convinced me that I was in possession of something quite out of the ordinary. I continued the treatment, and took in all five tubes, and I can safely say that I not only found relief, but a permanent cure. I say permanent, because it is now seven weeks since I finished the fifth tube, and I have not had the slightest recurrence of any of the previous distressing symptoms, notwithstanding that I now eat food that would have been entirely out of the question three months ago. Cicfa has restored my health completely, and I cannot recommend it in a too emphatic manner. It is all you claim for it—and more. Yours faithfully,

HARRY McGALLA.

NOTE.—You are at liberty to use this in any way you desire."

18,000 British Doctors

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. **When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa,** *you do not need to write for a sample, you can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.*

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

J. T. J. (Hackney, N.E.).—"The scandal of the school surgeon stinks in the eyes of the public." It does, and in their ears too, to say nothing of their nostrils.

V. A. F. (London, S.E.).—Regarding the Channel Tunnel, you truly say "fifty years of incubation and not hatched yet." As you know, we are warmly in favour of the scheme.

"SOLDIER."—"What are things coming to in India?" Better not prophesy, but still hope for the best.

"OLD READER."—"I heard a voice from Heaven say, 'Vote for Labour.'" No, you didn't, but you can go on kidding yourself if you like.

"WELL WISHER" (Kingston).—You must not assume that we are insincere because our views do not always coincide with your own. At times surely we can agree to differ.

A. B. (Marylebone, W.).—So you think it is the task of statesmanship to "get us plenty of grub and beer." Something in it too, as the boy said when he fell in the swill tub.

"MANCHESTER WOMAN."—There is no mistake you have got your knife into Lloyd George. In all friendliness we would urge you to cultivate a more Christian spirit.

"PASHT."—"Life is too solemn and sad to make rudeness a part of it." So we told our junior typist only last Friday.

"JOHN BULLDOG."—"I have come to the conclusion that people in Scotland have very little wit." But if we agreed with you we should have the office besieged by a crowd of angry Caledonians thirsting for our blood.

"SUNSHINE."—"You and I must not go to Heaven yet." Righto, let's wait for each other.

"REGULAR READER."—Quite a long time since you wrote to us about your "guardian angel." We trust that every day, in every respect, she grows nicer and nicer.

"MAGNETA" (Ely).—"Why don't you print your paper every day instead of coming out once a week?" We must think it over and see what we can do to please you.

R. N. A. (Montreal).—"I salute you as a decent sort of chap." At any rate, mother was awfully proud of us.

J. G. T. (Brixton, S.W.).—"It would be a clever chap who could sell you a pup." It would, although once or twice we have bought one from a lady.

"BLACK CAT."—"Will you publish this letter and recompense me for the same?" Perhaps we had better reply, in the House of Commons manner, that the answer to the first part of your question is in the negative and the second part therefore does not arise.

W. M. F. (Huddersfield).—"I have often noticed how the other papers pick your brains." Yet, strangely enough, we never feel it.

"KAY-EN."—"I showed this poem to my friends and they all said 'Send it to JOHN BULL.'" What harm have we ever done them, we should like to know.

G. P. (Sheffield).—"I heard a fellow make some nasty remarks about your paper." You should have advised him to sign the pledge.

MISS A. M. (Tipperary).—"I wonder what colour your eyes are." We give you three guesses.

MRS. A. M. (Widnes).—We are not at all clear whom you are speaking of as being "careful even to fastidiousness." Is it your husband or the cat?

W. N. G. (Halifax).—If you will send us fuller particulars concerning the white girl in Jamaica, we will endeavour to assist you evenif we strain a ligature.

"RATEPAYER" (Southend).—We note your objection to the proposed pier improvements at Southend. Tell us if ever you change your mind.

R. A. (Middlesbrough).—"I do believe in the power and influence of love." So do we, but we mind our step.

MRS. D. S. T. (Bristol).—So glad you are in general agreement with our recent articles. From the first few lines of your letter we could tell you were a nice-minded woman.

J. C. H. (King's Lynn).—Afraid your story is a chestnut, but you're a peach.

"TAR JOHN" (Reading).—"Is it true that very few lady typists are ambiguous?" Cannot say about that, but those we have are eminently proper in their demeanour and nicely covered up.

T. R. M. (Cooksbridge).—Afraid we could not possibly answer your riddle about "thin widows." For one thing, it's a bit too near the knuckle.

A. W. (Scotland).—If you will send us your name and address, we will endeavour to supply you with the particulars you require. But we can't very well send a man to hunt for you all over Scotland.

G. L. (St. George's Hospital, W.).—"This is the first time I ever composed a joke." Quite a good start, but sorry if it landed you in hospital.

"YAM."—"I hope it is not wicked to write to an Editor on Sundays." Depends entirely who writes and what about.

S. A. (Cambridge).—"My grandmother used to say 'It's never too late to mend.'" By a weird coincidence, an old lady of our acquaintance once made the same remark.

MRS. M. T. (Shanklin, I.O.W.).—"My object is to make 365 people happier each year." Capital, but don't neglect your husband.

MRS. C. (Falmouth).—It was very nice of you to give that poor little boy "a sweet and a blue hyacinth to smell." Probably he would have sniffed at the flower without the sweet.

N. C. H. (Bournemouth).—"One cannot have too much of a good thing." The proverb as a rule reads the other way, but we may at least agree with Marie Lloyd that "a little of what you fancy does you good."

M. T. A. (Southsea).—You certainly seem to have been very nicely treated at the hospital. If you are as sweet as your letter, no doubt the whole staff fell in love with you at first sight.

MRS. M. (Grimsby).—"My husband is going to Germany, but I refuse. Can he compel me to accompany him?" Certainly not, but if he is the right kind of husband he may still persuade you to consent.

"SAMSON" (Liverpool).—Thanks for note. You're jolly rude.

P. Q. S.—Your generous gift has been forwarded to the subject of our recent paragraph, "A Case for Clemency." Many thanks.

J. C. O. (London, S.W.).—The question we always ask the inventors of betting systems is: Why don't they back the winners themselves and make a fortune?

"LOVER OF CHILDREN" (Forest Gate).—Your suggestion has our best consideration, as the navvy said when the foreman told him to boil his face.

MRS. J. S. (Eltham).—Your little girl was not too generously rewarded by the gift of twopence for restoring a ten shilling note to its owner. The mean old blighter might have made it a tanner.

A. M. W. (Plympton).—"Some years ago I went to live with my mother-in-law." No odds to us, as long as you like the woman.

"LANCASHIRE LAD."—We intend to give your letter our very closest consideration. Indeed, we are strongly tempted to sleep with it under our pillow.

"UNA" (Littlehampton). — "Our Heavenly Father lets us see and know as much as He thinks is sufficient for our good." Thanks for telling us.

MRS. R. B. (Wisbech).—"I don't know what to make of Blatchford." Then leave him alone.

J. W. (Worthing).—"If you don't answer this letter I shall summons the office boy." As though that would hurt us!

JOHN LAWSON.—Mr James Lawson, of 106, Lower Rushton Road, Bradford, will be grateful for news of his son, John Lawson, who served in the 19th and 25th Battalions, Tank Corps, and was demobilised in February, 1920.

"VALADA."—We wish you every success in your effort "to attain beauty of face and character." Let us know how you get on.

E. A. (Ealing).—It is nice to know that you are "clothed in celestial grace," but you should keep something else for outdoor wear.

C. A. (Bedford).—Afraid you dwell rather too much on the experiences of your last illness, which took place such a long time ago. Probably you will never be ill again if you keep your feet dry.

S. W. B. (Norwich).—We can well believe that after a hard day's work letter writing is "no treat" to you—a remark made, if you remember, by the 'bus conductor to the lady with shapely calves.

A. R. N., (Taunton).—"Please omit my name as I am bashful." By all means; a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

C. K. W. (Hitchin).—"Can you tell me what hours licensed premises are open in the Isle of Man, France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany?" Not offhand, but a member of our Enquiry Department with a suitable thirst has promised to investigate the matter during his summer holidays.

"CONSTANT READER" (Edinburgh).—You may take it from us that Scottish readers have as good a chance as any others in our "Bullets" Competition. And when they win they don't blew the money.

MISS B. H. S. (Brixton Hill, S.W.).—"I am a woman with intuitions." Mind you keep them clean.

MRS. R. B. (Fishponds).—We agree with you about the young man who "lost his birth." A rotten bad beginning.

F. J. T.—Thanks for poem, which our office boy has learned by heart and sings to a tune which is like nothing on earth.

S. W. (Sherborne).—"Have you any remedies for sleeplessness?" We have, but they would only make your mouth water.

"ALICE" (St. Helens).—"Don't you think a penmaker's daughter should be a bit of a nib?" Perhaps so, but it would be unkind to say that she had an inky past.

E. C. (Luton).—"Why shouldn't I be allowed clean linen?" We can think of no reason why you shouldn't, and several why you should.

"SUSAN."—"My neighbour never reads a paper and knows no murders that has been done." If that is true, the unhappy wretch would be better dead.

E. M. (East Croydon).—"The superfluous woman may be a blessing." In that case she would not be superfluous.

H. R. T. (Altrincham).—Since you ask us, we do not hold with "getting married on the quiet"—unless, of course, you already have a wife alive.

R. H. (Loughborough).—We cannot possibly decide whether you should address your young lady assistant as "my dear" or "Miss." So much depends on the circs.

J. S. S. (Framfield).—"Patience is a virtue, virtue is a grace. Both put together make a very pretty face." Look at that now!

A. J. W. (Battle).—We do not believe that tight boots affect the eyesight. Someone has been pulling your leg.

H. Y. (Hammersmith).—We agree that in a lodging-house it should be possible to "perform one's toilet in comparative privacy." Do they expect you to bathe in the sink?

MRS. F. F. (Exeter).—"Any fool knows that margarine is not so nutritious as butter." That may be, but if we are to believe M. Coué you can kid yourself it is.

B. T. C. (Hove).—"Don't forget that the hen that hatches the egg is not always the mother of the chick." Now then, none of your nasty insinuations.

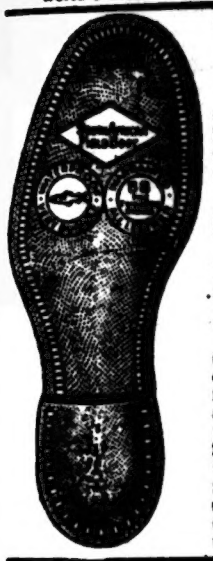
T. A. A. (Dover).—"This letter is not for publication in its entirety." That's true and it would look rotten in bits.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

GREATEST BOOT BARGAINS YET OFFERED

BOLSOM BROS. ARE AGAIN ABLE TO GIVE READERS ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING GENUINE DOUBLE SOLE SOUTH AFRICAN WATERPROOF FIELD BOOTS IN BLACK REAL BOX CALF OR SUPERIOR TAN REAL CALF AT THE ASTOUNDING PRICE OF 20/- PER PAIR. THERE IS NO BETTER BOOT IN THE WORLD FOR STRENGTH, COMFORT, AND CONTINUOUS HARD WEAR IN ALL WEATHERS, AND ARE WORTH WITHOUT EXAGGERATION 45/- TO 50/- PER PAIR. THEY MUST NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE SHODDY IMITATIONS NOW UPON THE MARKET—BE SURE THAT THE THREE STAMPS ARE ON EACH SOLE, AS ILLUSTRATED. NONE OTHERS BEING GENUINE.

Send for these without delay or for the Field Mounted Service Boot, or Stout Walking Boots, and other Footwear, described below, and so be well prepared for your Holidays at half usual cost—you will be more than delighted. Without question the greatest opportunity ever given to readers to secure the world's most reliable Boots at 20/- per pair. All Post Orders will be despatched by return.



NOTE THESE 4 POINTS.

1.—Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole.

2.—Stout first all leather sole.

3.—Patent waterproof layers between the two soles.

4.—Stout solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp proof.

See that the three stamps are on the soles — no others genuine.

South African Double Sole Waterproof Field Boot.

B.B. No. 20 In Black or Tan SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf or Superior Tan Calf Uppers, Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles, full waterproof tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking and all sports. Worth 45/- Our price

20/-

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's and 12's 1/- extra)

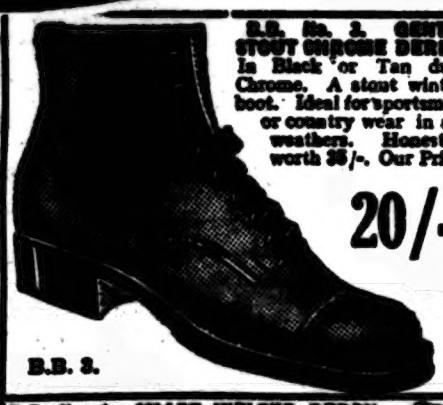
B.B. 20

No. 70. NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained Uppers screwed and stitched to heel. Full water tight tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all leather heels. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's 1/- extra).

Our Price **20/-** Per pair. Postage 2/- extra

Without question the biggest boot bargain ever offered. Worth 50/-.

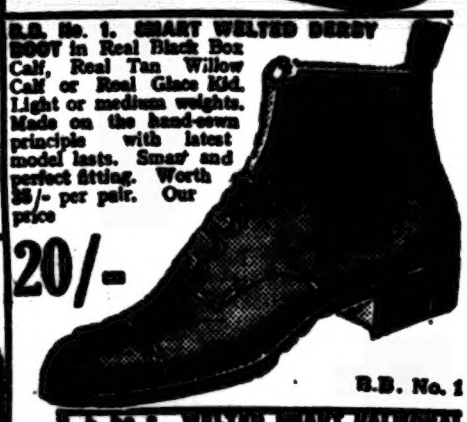
No. 70



B.B. No. 3. GENT'S STOUT CHROME DERBY In Black or Tan dull Chrome. A stout winter boot. Ideal for sportsmen or country wear in all weathers. Honestly worth 35/-. Our Price

20/-

B.B. 3.



B.B. No. 1. SMART WELTED DERBY BOOT in Real Black Box Calf, Real Tan Willow Calf or Real Glace Kid. Light or medium weights. Made on the hand-sewn principle with latest model lasts. Smart and perfect fitting. Worth 35/- per pair. Our price

20/-

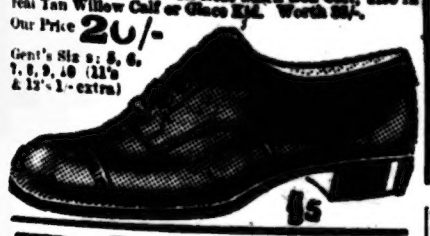
B.B. No. 1

B.B. No. 7 GENT'S SMART TAN WILLOW CALF BROGUE SHOE. Also in real Black Box Calf. An Ideal Shoe for Town or Country wear unobtainable elsewhere under 35/-. Our Price.

20/-

B.B. No. 4. GENT'S SMART WELTED DERBY OXFORD SHOE. In Real Black Box Calf, also in real Tan Willow Calf or Glace Kid. Worth 35/-. Our Price **20/-**

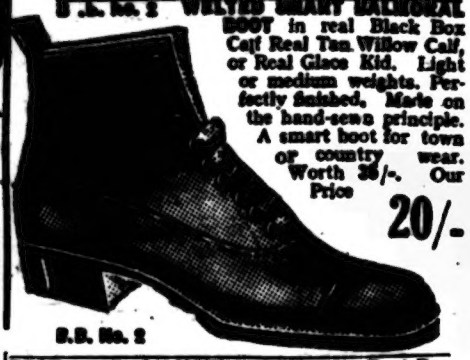
Gent's Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's & 12's 1/- extra)



5/-

B.B. No. 2 WELTED SMART BALMORAL BOOT in real Black Box Calf Real Tan Willow Calf, or Real Glace Kid. Light or medium weights. Perfectly finished. Made on the hand-sewn principle. A smart boot for town or country wear. Worth 35/-. Our Price

20/-



B.B. No. 2

POST your order NOW to the largest Boot-By-Post-Business in the World, with 20/- for each pair and 1/3 extra for postage (No. 70 2/- extra stating number and size required, and your order will be sent by post without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Orders Payable to BOLSOM BROS. Absolute satisfaction or money refunded in full. Open every day until 8 p.m. Saturdays all day until 9 p.m.

BOLSOM BROTHERS (Dept. 12)

129 & 157, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

GREATEST SALE OF WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR EVER HELD. REAL WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR AT 5/- PER GARMENT. ONE-THIRD ACTUAL COST OF PRODUCTION.

The greatest Sale of Underwear still continues. Never before has such an opportunity occurred to secure the World's most reliable and dependable Woollen Underwear at so low a price. THIS OFFER HAS ONLY BEEN MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH BOLSOM BROS. HAVING ACQUIRED THE ENTIRE UNISSUED BRITISH GOVERNMENT SURPLUS STOCK OF NEW MEN'S WOOLLEN VESTS AND PANTS.

New and perfect in every detail, the wool used in their manufacture being warm, soft and non-irritant to the skin, these Vests and Pants can be obtained in every size, and in Spring, Summer and Winter weights, all at the one price at 5/- per garment, being one-third their actual value. Garments of this quality cost 15/- to 20/- to produce.

Absolute satisfaction or money refunded in full.

REMEMBER, these garments are genuine British Government goods and can only be obtained of Bolsom Bros., at 129, Strand—AND NOWHERE ELSE, BOLSOM BROS. GUARANTEE that each garment is new, unsoiled, and unissued British Government Surplus Stock, and guaranteed perfect in every way. So buy as many as YOU CAN WHILE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY for present and future use as although the quantity secured was large, this is being rapidly cleared, so call or

POST YOUR ORDER NOW.

enclosing remittance and postage as follows: 1 or 2 garments, 1/-; 4 ditto, 1/3: 6 ditto, 1/9; 8 ditto, 2/-; Larger quantities carriage free. SEND REMITTANCE BY POSTAL ORDER, MONEY ORDER OR CHEQUE BY ORDINARY POST CROSSED THUS & CO./, BUT TREASURY NOTES MUST ALWAYS BE SENT BY REGISTERED POST.

ONE MILLION BRITISH GOVERNMENT REAL FLANNEL SHIRTS

Bolsom Bros. have also acquired the last million Army real Flannel Shirts which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well cut and finished and strongly made, they cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in Natural & Grey real Flannel. Post Orders should be sent at once, enclosing extra for postage as shown. These shirts are unprecedented value.

5/6

State size of collar usually worn

OPEN EVERY DAY UNTIL 8 p.m. SATURDAYS ALL DAY UNTIL 9 p.m.

BOLSOM BROTHERS

Government Surplus Depot

(Dept. 12)

129 STRAND LONDON, W.C.2.

5/- PER GARMENT

WOOLLEN VESTS

All have long sleeves, as illustrated. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

WOOLLEN PANTS

to ankle. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH. **5/-**

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet:—Wife Thinks Until Later. Competitors may sent in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 444.

AT GENOA	BRIGHTER LONDON	SPENDTHRIFTS	THE DIE-HARDS
THE COALITION'S END	MY DAY'S WORK	RED RAG	ON THE JURY
A FAIR COP	FRIENDLY PAT	PAYS BEST	WASHING DAY
WE MUST NOT FORGET	LOST AND FOUND	A DRAMA	TAKING GLOVES OFF
IN THE SPRING	SECOND DIVISION	FIRST HOME	ODDS AGAINST
GRIN AND BEAR IT	GARDENING	FAST	TAKING THE TIP
PERFORMING ANIMALS	SPANKING TIME	TOO TAME	WRONG PARTY
WHAT TO DO NEXT	A CONSOLATION	HAPPY LAND	FINISHING SCHOOL

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(444) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(444) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 444, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(444) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(444) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 442nd 'Bullets' Competition

5 Prizes of £250 each:

Mr. H. GOOD,
Malborough, Kingsbridge, Devon.
Example:—De Valera.
Bullet:—Has "Got A Neck."

Mr. A. L. DESBOROUGH,
81, Cathles Road, Balham, S.W.12.
Example:—Our Trade.
Bullet:—Only Thing Dispute "Settles"

Mr. F. DUNN,
17, Albert Place, Daniell Street, Truro.
Example:—Our Trade.
Bullet:—Mark—Sleeping Lion Apparently.

Mr. J. O'NEILL,
Pullough, Bansha, Co. Tipperary.
Example:—Round Our Necks.
Bullet:—Police Whistle Nowadays Desirable.

Mr. W. PARKER,
89, All Saints Road, Peterborough.
Example:—Work.
Bullet:—Getting Government to Listen.

5 Prizes of £25 each:

MARJORIE NICHOLSON,
78, Ranby Road, Sheffield.
Example:—In Free State.
Bullet:—Tommy's Thoughts, Quitting Ireland.

Miss F. A. SYMONDS,
12, Lethia Road, Clapton, E.5.
Example:—Conjuring.
Bullet:—Taxpayer Prefers "Weight Lifting."

H. BAGLEY,
22, Foundry Road, Wellington, Salop.
Example:—Neighbour's Gramophone.
Bullet:—Wish Government Worked Like.

Mrs. A. GARNON,
204, Browning Road, Manor Park, E.12.
Example:—When Election Comes.
Bullet:—Mud Versus Whitewash.

Mr. F. G. LEWIS,
37, Erith Road, Belvedere, Kent.
Example:—Lloyd George's Slogan.
Bullet:—Missing—Hence Delayed Dissolution.

5 Prizes of £10 each:

Mr. JACK ROBERTS,
Trevilmod Farm, Holyhead, N. Wales.
Example:—Mr. Balfour.
Bullet:—Took "Orders"—Delivered "Goods."

Mr. RICHARD WHITEHEAD,
Barclay House, Middlewich, Cheshire.
Example:—Neighbour's Gramophone.
Bullet:—France Considers Premier's Voice.

Mr. G. REED,
57, Bloemfontein Avenue, Shepherds Bush, W. 12
Example:—The Next Budget.
Bullet:—Should Make "London Brighter."

Mrs. J. BROADHEAD,
83, Kensington Road, Morecambe.
Example:—Hollow Sham.
Bullet:—America "Solid" For Prohibition.

Mr. A. McKAY,
81, Pratt Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife.
Example:—Capable Of Anything.
Bullet:—Labour—Are It's Leaders?

(Continued at foot of next column).

THE JOHN BULL
GREAT FREE
FIRE
INSURANCE
COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To ..... Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

April 15, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent of .....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

House Address .....

April 15, 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. Wallis, 1, Abbeygate St., Bury St. Edmunds: What We Fear Most—Wits Sharper Than Axe.—J. E. Burton, 8, Hind St., Manchester Sq., W.: Beautiful Baby—Law Evidently Believes Wife.—Mrs. M. Palmer, 6, Langroyd Ter., Earby, nr. Colne, Lancs.: Flat Season—Not For Wars Apparently.—E. H. Browne, 17, St. Andrew's Rd., Southampton: Lloyd George's Slogan—About All Hr's Reconstructed.—A. Thompson, Chichester St., Hunslet, Leeds: Must Come Soon—"Sponge" Over Allies' "Slate."—W. J. Grainger, Anchor House, Newport Rd., Cwmcarn, Mon.: True To Nature—"Cat" Often "Scratches" Friends.—H. V. Wells, c.o. R. Elmes, Newton Cotham, Pulborough, Sussex: Cross Country—Premier's Only Follower—Caddie.—Miss F. Winstanley, 32, Compton Av., Brighton: Must Come Soon—Originality In Budget.—W. A. Chester, 40, Portland St., Boston, Lincs.: All Embracing—The Flapper's "Daily Round."—W. Barker, 60, Bolton Lane, Ipswich: What We Fear Most—Queue Outside Our Bank.

CUP FINAL £1000 MUST BE WON FOR CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT COUPON WITH RESULT and ATTENDANCE CUP FINAL

This week we offer the huge prize of £1,000, which **MUST BE WON**, for the correct or nearest correct forecast of the result and attendance at the Cup Final between HUDDERSFIELD and PRESTON NORTH END.

NO GOAL SCORES ARE REQUIRED.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to give the result of the match and the number you think will attend. This Competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "John Bull" and the "Sports Pictorial."

The £1,000 prize will be awarded in accordance with the result and attendance published in "The Sporting Life" of Monday, May 1st.

RESULT AND ATTENDANCE AT LAST TEN CUP FINALS.

	Attendance.		Attendance.
1908 Wolves beat Newcastle U.	74,967	1913 Aston Villa beat Sunderland	120,028
1909 Man. U. beat Bristol City	67,651	1914 Burnley beat Liverpool	72,778
1910 New. U. drew with Barnsley	76,980	1915 Sheffield U. beat Chelsea	49,457
1911 Bradf'd C. drew with New U.	69,098	1920 Aston Villa beat Hfld. Town	50,018
1912 Barnsley drew with W.B.A.	54,434	1921 Tott. Hotspur beat Wolves.	72,805

The above results and figures are taken from the "Athletic News" Football Annual.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" and "SPORTS PICTORIAL" announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary hand-writing (typewriting and pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result and attendance at the Cup Final to be played on April 29th. If no competitor sends a coupon with both these forecasts correct, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result, and the most nearly correct forecast of the attendance. If for any reason full time be not played, the result up to half-time will be taken as the result of the match. The correct result will have priority of claim over figures of attendance. In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be equally divided. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000.

(3) Any coupon which has marked upon it more than one cross or on which no cross is marked will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, April 27th will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this Competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Football Competition 24 appears on page 16.

Cut out coupon neatly and address all entries as follows:—Cup Final Competition, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

COMPETITORS CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. SCOTTISH AND IRISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE CUP FINAL COUPON.

HOW TO FILL IN YOUR COUPON.

First make a careful study of the results and attendance at the last 10 Cup Finals, then, in one of the three spaces below, put an **X** in ink to indicate the result of the Cup Final and in the space headed "ATTENDANCE," write in ink the number you think will attend.

ONLY ONE X MUST APPEAR ON EACH COUPON.

HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON NORTH END

Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.

TO BE PLAYED AT STAMFORD BRIDGE APRIL 29th, 1922.

HUDDERSFIELD WIN	PRESTON N. E. WIN	DRAW	HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON N. E. ATTENDANCE Write Figures NOT Words.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUP FINAL.....

This is the 1/6 MAGAZINE PROPELLING PENCIL which we give you FREE. Beautifully made, complete with refills.
JOHN BULL ALL BRITISH

This is the "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen, hand cut and beautifully chased; safety cap; solid 14ct. gold nib; price 8/9; equal to a pen costing 17/6. A touch of the lever and the pen is filled.

This coupon is worth 1/— cut it out.

E 9628
This Coupon entitles the holder to a John Bull Pen at the special sale price and 1/- quotation on value is One Shilling
Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen, and is available to 30th April 1922.
L.O.-J.-O.
Signed

FREE EASTER GIFT

from "JOHN BULL" of 1/- GIFT COUPON and a 1/6 MAGAZINE PROPELLING PENCIL.

THIS offer is made to popularise the "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, and owing to its tremendous popularity we have decided to extend it for *another ten days.*

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

The 1/- Gift Coupon above will be accepted in part payment of the JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, the price of which is 8/9, though admittedly worth 17/6. In addition we will present free of cost (for ten days only) the Magazine Propelling Pencil, illustrated herewith.

All you have to do is to fill in the Coupon opposite and send it together with 7/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance.

FREE GIFT COUPON. AVAILABLE FOR **Ten Days Only**

To the MANAGER, JOHN BULL Pen Department, 97, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Gift Coupon and Cheque/P.O for 8/-. Please send me by Insured Post a "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Model Pen, together with FREE Easter Gift of Propelling Pencil. I require Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.
(Strike out words not applicable.)

*NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Date .....

*Write in PRINTED LETTERS. J.B.15.4.22.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the velvet soft Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS** always.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and perfected the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day.*

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

(1763E), 60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

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Please write plainly.

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